JULY 26, 1941

Liberty

FIVE CENTS

hy Senator Wheeler *and* Lindbergh *work togeth*

high.

Sail your way through Summer
Keeping crisp and cool—
Let a bowl of Krispies
Be your daily rule.

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VOX POP

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE LINDBERGH CONTROVERSY

TOTTENVILLE, N. Y.—It is plain that Lindbergh "acts that way" because he does not want the Star-Spangled Banner dragged in the dust by the Nazis. He wants to save our country from suicide.

Any levelheaded person can see if we break international law by aiding one side of a controversy, especially with ships, the other side will consider us its enemies. Germany has not flung a pebble at us.

In the Civil War, the United States made England pay us millions of dollars for the help she gave our enemies. Could not Germany do the same?

As to Lindbergh's accepting a medal from the Nazis—that was only one of the many medals and honors he has received from all over the world. Germany would have been offended and Americans would have been surprised and critical if he had refused it.—*W. G. Shand.*

ARDMORE, OKLA.—Several months ago I saw an item by General Wood in which he was criticizing some one for griping at "that great patriot Colonel Lindbergh." I endeavored then and again now to pick out any action of Lindbergh that could entitle him to the description "patriotic."

I couldn't think of a thing along that line. On the other hand, he has done much that might be termed unpatriotic.

Free speech is fine stuff, but every one is responsible for his free speech and must account for it.—*Tom L. Coleman.*

DENVER, COLO.—If you are endeavoring to be fair and just, you should not have mentioned the Lindbergh medal and its implied odium without also telling about the conditions surrounding the presentation and his presence at the banquet at the special request of our then Ambassador at Berlin. This was when Roosevelt wished to be friendly with Germany. Fair is being fair.—*Mrs. I. E. Sidley.*

BERKELEY, CALIF.—Lindbergh wrote, "Our present leadership will never make us a strong and victorious nation." We must "take the reins in our own hands." On May 29 he said, "Is it not time for us to turn to new policies and to a new leadership? With your help we will create a leadership for our nation that places America first."

He was speaking to a house packed with members of subversive groups. Since new leadership in this country can come only at the end of the next four years, is he not advocating revolution? He used the editorial "we" but evidently meant "I." This is not patriotism!—*Dr. Olive Swezy.*

PACIFIC PALISADES, CALIF.—Been reading articles on Lindbergh. Mean and petty. Lindbergh did something that thrilled the whole world. Who is Collins? Never heard of him.

As we stand before the likeness of George Washington with bared heads, is it inspiring to read Hughes' statement to the effect that he retired nightly *drunk*?

Did Bernarr Macfadden use this method to inspire American youth to emulate his exercise and attain his physical perfection? When he published the picture of Sandow or Rolandow or any nearly perfect physical specimen, he did *not* proceed to tell you personal and private things to inspire loathing. They were not targets for malice and abuse.

I have been a star for thirty of the forty-two years I have been before the public; have known fame and wealth; and I sincerely applaud in Lindbergh all that this writer condemns, and say with Lord Lytton:

"Ye safe and formal men, who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand weigh in nice scales the motives of the *great, ye cannot know what ye have never tried!*"

I am a subscriber and have always displayed Liberty among other publications for my guests. Now I destroy it, lest the Good Will forward them to young soldier lads who should have grander and nobler food to feed on.—*Francis X. Bushman.*

PURDYS, N. Y.—While Charles A. Lindbergh was receiving the plaudits of the world for his unparalleled flight across the Atlantic, he stated that one of his main objects would be to exact a pledge from each aviator not to use his airplane as a machine of destruction, and not to bomb women and children.

Mr. Lindbergh repeated this laudable intention until his visit to Nazi Germany. There he came under the perverted influence of the modern Peter the Hermit and received a decoration from him. As a result, Mr. Lindbergh forgot all about his great humanitarian principle and immediately set about to become a British defeatist.—*Joseph Lewis.*

COFFEYVILLE, KAN.—It seems impossible in this enlightened age and country, where we have education of the masses in our public schools and colleges, that no one can approach Herr Hitler and with confidence from both sides talk peace through reason. There must be something wrong in our teachings when no one in our great country can touch the dictator and create an understanding that would bring peace to the world.

Mr. Lindbergh has here at this time a good following of reputable citizens, and this is the little city where Mr. Willkie taught history in the high school and where he made his opening campaign speech.—*(Miss) Ella Ora Matthews.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Did not the kidnaping and killing of Lindbergh's infant son and the disgraceful conduct of the American press in handling that case change his whole attitude toward his country and help to bring about the unbelievable change we see in him today?

"But, remember, it doesn't make you a sergeant!"

Why is it not possible, and probable, that something snapped in the brain of this then young man to cause him to hate a government and a system of life that could not prevent such things? There can be no doubt Lindbergh is washed up with what we call democracy.—*Bert Tryon, Jr.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Lindbergh has never made an assertion of "German invincibility." He has stated many times that America alone (without the British navy or help from any European government) can defend herself against any combination of aggressors, *if* we will devote our efforts to building up our own defenses and not denude ourselves of our resources or delude our people, but *unite* our people to *defend America first*, which is what Lindbergh, Wheeler, Nye, and many other patriotic people are striving to do.

Lindbergh has repeatedly stated that he does not want Germany to win, but the smearing warmongers continue to misrepresent and distort his oft expressed statements.—*J. B. Sager.*

CANTON, MISS.—Charles Augustus Lindbergh took steps amounting to virtually

(Continued on page 6)

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Doc Jones was right... we like our second better!

1 I guess we looked excited when Old Doc Jones dropped in. "What's the trouble?" he asks, mopping his forehead. "Heat getting you, too?" "Not *us,*" we tell him, "our *refrigerator.* Third time in a month it's gone on a strike!"
"Oho," says Doc. "Had the same thing till I got the one with *no* machinery. See Servel!"

2 Next morning, bright and early, we're at the gas company, and the salesman's giving us the whole story.
"See!" he points out. "That tiny gas flame does the work. There are no moving parts in the freezing system to wear." *"None?"* we demand. "None!" he assures us. "That's why Servel's always silent, too."

3 To folks who've had experience with other automatic refrigerators, Servel Electrolux seems almost unbelievable. And no wonder. It's basically *different*—operates with a simplicity no other can match. That's why it's the only one that can offer lasting dependability, permanent silence, and the other big advantages every family wants.

4 "Say, Doc, you sure know all the answers," we tell him when he stops by to see our new refrigerator. "So, you like *this* one better?" he chuckles. "You bet!" we agree. "Servel's not only *always* on the job, but saves money in the bargain! Fact is, it's paying for itself with what it saves on food bills and running cost. Now you can't beat *that.*"

If you look at one refrigerator, look at Servel—If you look at more than one, look at Servel to see the difference

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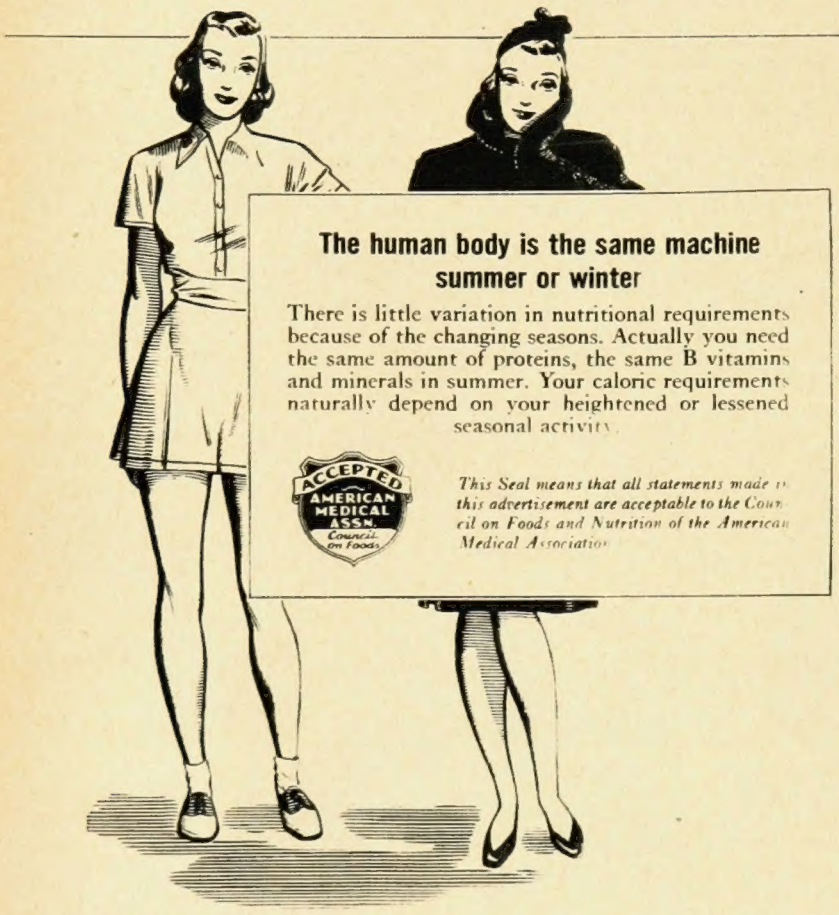
MEAT
and the Summer Diet


The human body is the same machine summer or winter
There is little variation in nutritional requirements because of the changing seasons. Actually you need the same amount of proteins, the same B vitamins and minerals in summer. Your caloric requirements naturally depend on your heightened or lessened seasonal activity.
ACCEPTED
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.
Council on Foods
This Seal means that all statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association

As SCIENTISTS find out more about foods and their importance to health and the span of life, many eating habits are being changed.

Here are a few basic reasons why meat is receiving more attention as the centerpiece of summer meals:

Meat is an exceptionally good source of complete, high quality proteins — summer or winter.

Meat is a good, natural source of important B vitamins, not only vitamin B_1, which stimulates appetite, but also riboflavin (vitamin B_2) and the anti-pellagra vitamin.

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Remember, many of these food essentials (proteins, vitamins, minerals) are not stored in the body to any extent — must be supplied daily in the food you eat.

All meat is 96 to 98% digestible.

There are so many thrifty meats, nutritious and full of flavor, that you can easily serve them hot or cold regularly. Your meat-man will advise you.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE, Chicago

a renunciation of America and all things American, adopted England as his home and country, turned his back upon it for a tawdry tin badge from Göring. He now returns to the land of his birth to display this cheap emblem and to give at least moral assistance to Adolf Hitler.

He's loyal to nothing except his own egotism and to those who would destroy liberty in the world.—*Dick C. McCool.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why, if you are looking for ghosts in the closet, don't you publish the past of the Roosevelt, Stimson, and Knox families? Also the rest of the minority of warmongers.

Maybe the way in which they spent their childhood would reveal the cause of their present stupid actions of trying to involve the United States in a foreign conflict.

I believe in Lindbergh's sincerity, and most certainly do not believe "he is being used by forces of which he may not be conscious."—*Helen Clay.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why surround Lindbergh with such mystery? I've known Lindbergh for more than twenty years, and he is less intelligent about the majority of subjects than most any one I know. He most certainly is not entitled to all the publicity of what he thinks or what he doesn't think about this or any other subject.—*E. D. Barton.*

BENTON HARBOR, MICH.—Do you not feel that to exploit the life and character of an American citizen in the fashion you did is nothing but the dirtiest and cheapest form of tabloid? Is that, you think, the interpretation of the motto of Liberty, "The American Way of Life"?

I would like to meet the writer—one such as he that can have the colossal nerve to label his writings as—and I quote—"an impartial inquiry." Impartial indeed, to choose the life of Lindbergh, twist and distort his name to poison the mind of the public, and all because one man dared to speak the truth—one man who dared to face this administration and shout to the world, as was his American privilege, the things he believed, as thousands of others, were right.

Who is this Mr. Collins that has so nobly dissected the life of Lindy, his mother, his father, and his wife?

Look back, my dear editor, look back to the days when our Lindy once told the governing forces of our nation exactly what was happening in Germany; how he sounded the warning note that went unheeded, and how he then was subtly called pro-Nazi. Remember that?

And remember how he, for the good of his country, tried to make the smart people understand that every young German boy was learning to goose-step and carry a gun at the tender age of adolescence? And remember how he once stated that Nazi Germany was preparing to launch a conflict so great as would plunge the world into chaos? Remember all these things and how their meaning was lost in a sea of contemporary hatred? And I ask you, was he not right?—*Chrystine Kull, R. N.*

[Liberty has received scores of letters commenting on the Lindbergh articles. We are grateful for these expressions of interest and regret space limitations prevent us from publishing more.]

BEVERLY HILLS' *Movie Guide*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ UNDERGROUND

An interesting melodrama—yet savoring more than a little of shrewdly calculated studio manufacture—built about an underground movement to overturn the Hitler regime. The background is Berlin, the time just after Dunkirk. The Gestapo is in hot pursuit of an illegal short-wave radio, broadcasting anti-dictator messages.

There are two brothers: one, Kurt Franken, is invalided home from the Dunkirk campaign, minus one arm. The other, Eric Franken, is a loyal Hitlerite—on the surface. Beneath, he is the leader of the underground campaign. These two brothers encounter a series of exciting adventures which ultimately leave Eric headed for the executioner and show Kurt, the ex-soldier, transformed into the new leader of the Underground.

The melodrama has considerable punch, it is directed with nice pace by Vincent Sherman, but it does have the flavor of careful Hollywood construction to meet current events. I think you will find Philip Dorn excellent as the intense brother, Eric, battling the Gestapo via his illegal radio shunted from hidden basement, to night-riding truck, to a deserted tugboat.

Jeffrey Lynn appears to me too handsomely Hollywood to seem an authentic soldier of Herr Hitler. You will find Mona Maris contributing an effective performance as a private secretary planted by the Underground in the offices of the Gestapo. A newcomer, Kaaren Verne, is decorative as a violinist in the café where the conspirators meet and where the wounded Kurt comes to fall in love.

Philip Dorn is the Hollander who scored in Escape. Mona Maris came in 1930 from Buenos Aires, via Berlin UFA films, to make a Hollywood hit—and then be pretty much forgotten. Kaaren Verne is a Berliner who moved to Denmark, on to Norway and Sweden ahead of the German attack. After a stop in England, she came to Hollywood, made her debut in Sky Murder.

There are some other international angles to the film: Director Sherman hails from Vienna (in Dooly County, Georgia) and Jeffrey Lynn from Lisbon (in Maine).

(Warner Brothers.)

(Continued on page 49)

Multiply this picture *a million times..*

to realize what Greyhound travel means to National Defense

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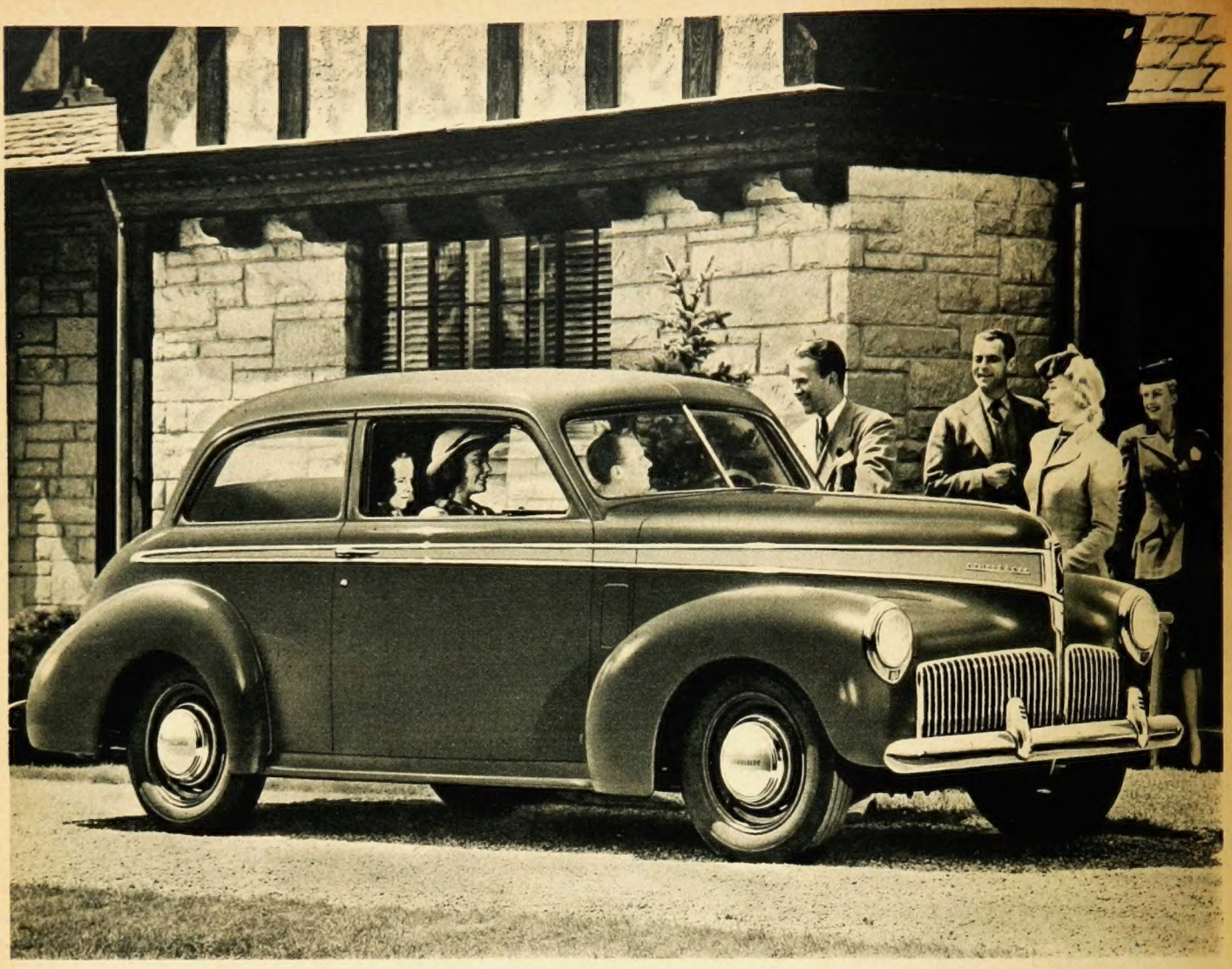
GREYHOUND



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Liberty

JULY 26, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 30

WE STILL SAY: "TO HELL WITH COMMUNISM!"

☆ NOW that Soviet Russia has ceased to be the friend of Germany, and is, instead, the latest victim of Nazi aggression, a great many silly people in the United States are going to go far beyond hailing a new foe of Hitler—they are going to hail the godless and butchering thing called Communism as something good of itself.

So let Liberty make its position wholly and unmistakably clear.

We still say, "To hell with Communism!"

And as long as a free press continues to exist in this country we shall continue to say, "To hell with Communism!"

In a war for the survival of a great political principle, a world-wide war with the fate of civilization shivering in the scales, new strength to the good side must, it is true, be regarded as a blessing. To look at it any other way would be unrealistic and defeatist. Russia, so recently an Axis partner, has been betrayed and is now in her own death struggle. If, in that agonizing conflict, she is able to do harm to another great enemy of democracy, we can applaud and cheer that performance. If she needs help to fight back harder, she should have that help, from us as well as from the English.

But we must be careful to see that our money and goods are not used to bring about the triumph of Communism in our own country.

Russia is no more a friend of the 131,000,000 free people of the United States than she was of Germany when they made their crazy pact two years ago. Russia is the friend of nobody except Russia.

Russia means Communism. And Communism, so far as the United States is concerned, seeks by fair means or foul to end our way of life and to substitute therefor a reign of ignorance, barbarism, and torture—the way of the blood purge. Communism is still determined to destroy our constitutional form of government. More than ever before, Communists in the United States now see their dream coming closer—their dream to abolish free speech, free press, the right of free assembly, trial by jury, and all the other holy guaranties of our sacred Bill of Rights. Communists still plan to take down the cross from the steeples of our churches and put in its place the scythe and sickle.

True, Russia is now being invaded and her people piteously treated. But our sympathies must not betray our reason.

Communism is still anti-American, anti-democratic, anti-Christ.

The subversive agents of Communism still do their undermining work, seeking the overthrow of our way of life. They work in our schools, our Washington bureaus, our labor unions.

A fantastic commentary on all this appeared in a dispatch from Washington the day after Hitler marched into Russia. For more than a year our voice, and a thousand other voices with us, had been raising the cry that strikes in the defense industries were Communist-inspired. Such statements were frequently denied, and even ridiculed. But on the Monday following the German attack on Russia there appeared this headline in the New York Herald Tribune:

"Strikes in United States Seen Eased by War on Russia; Communist 'Line' May Take New Turn in Favor of Aiding Defense Output."

What a foul, horrible confession is revealed in those few casual words.

No matter how the war may go, Liberty is going to hold fast to the fundamental Americanism in which its millions of readers believe.

So, to Mr. Stalin and to all his friends and new apologists we say again:

"To hell with Communism!"

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Why Senator Wheeler and Lindbergh

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART ONE—PEACE . . AND A POLITICIAN

☆ "TELL me, Senator, what do you think of Lindbergh?" The question was a natural one, since the two men are co-leaders in the raging battle of Peace versus War. But it did not produce the expected flow of eloquence.

Instead, the tall, florid, extremely likable man across the desk began adjusting his spectacles on a pointed nose which ought to have suggested to the veriest tyro in the study of physiognomy that its owner was more accustomed to asking questions than to answering them.

Having successfully completed this maneuver, Senator Wheeler regarded through his lowered bifocals with seemingly consuming interest the attenuated brown cigar which was at the moment revolving on his lips with a speed worthy of Carl Hubbell's screwball in its prime.

There ensued one of those brief pin-dropping periods which somebody has described as a silence with things going on in it. Then, having taken his cigar between the forefinger and second finger of a capable hand, the Senator said:

"Well, I don't know him very well."

Not much nourishment in that, I thought to myself, for a fact-hungry investigator who had come to Washington to find out why it was that two such very different personalities as Burton Kendall Wheeler and Charles Augustus Lindbergh had suddenly emerged as featured co-workers in the cause of American isolationism—a cause in which neither, until a short time ago, had ever shown any conspicuous interest.

Not much of Burt Wheeler in it, either, for I knew him to be one not accustomed to resort to the tactful answer that turneth away curiosity.

Burt's way has always been to let the amenities fall where they may. You may recall his crack about the Lend-Lease Act being "the New Deal's Triple-A foreign policy to plow under every fourth American boy," which the President of the United States characterized as "the most untruthful . . . dastardly . . . rottenest thing said in public life in my generation." That was the real Burt Wheeler, saying what he thought and considering the consequences only when the returns came in—or, in the language of the national game, giving every pitch all he had.

His control isn't always good, but he is willing to take a chance. If he

An exploration of what's behind a puzzling partnership . . Is it more than it seems?

Work Together

...e co-workers: Senator ...heeler and Lindbergh.

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

beans his own catcher instead of the opposing batter, he manages to remain the philosopher.

So this hiding behind the polite camouflage of evasion was unlike him, apparently unworthy of him. Or was he, after all these years, learning from city slickers slicker tricks?

I wondered.

Through the rain-soaked windows of the Senator's committee room I could make out dimly a Washington emotionally as well as physically storm-tossed.

My way that afternoon had led past the White House, where mackintoshed figures were marching up and down, picketing the President of the United States. In the gutter, marching no less resolutely, a lone picket was picketing the pickets who were picketing the President.

As my taxi splashed down the broad avenue toward the Dome, past crowded hotels in which, I well knew, still other pickets, huddled in smoke-clogged rooms, speaking the many languages of the nation's foreigner-infested capital, were picketing the President and the Congress and each other, I had become deeply conscious of the fact that I was crossing a picket line at every street crossing.

And now that I was in the presence of the nation's most hardy perennial picket, the picket of pickets, blunt, bitter, belligerent Burton Kendall Wheeler—whose mother raised her boy to be a hair shirt!—all he could find to say about his leading rival for the title of Number 1 Isolationist was:

"Well, I don't know him very well."

No, not *all*. After further solemn contemplation of that long freshly lighted cigar, he delivered himself as follows:

"I suppose I was prejudiced against him—as a lawyer, I mean—on account of that testimony he gave at Flemington. After all, that trial was—"

He groped for a word.

"Farcical?" I ventured.

The Senator grunted a shorter and uglier word.

"I had never met him, I believe," he continued, "until one evening, I think it was at Fulton Lewis's. Then, when he came down to testify on the Lend-Lease Bill, he came in to see me, and I tried to give him a few pointers on how to handle himself before the committee."

Mentally I made note that the Colonel could not have had a better coach, for Burt Wheeler, as many an economic royalist has learned to his sorrow, is Mr. Senatorial Inquisition in person. Aloud I said:

"He handled himself very well, I am told."

The Senator now beamed approvingly upon his cigar. I fancied he was thinking of how Lindbergh brought down the house when Senator Claude "Cayenne" Pepper asked him when he first went to Europe, and he answered simply, "1927."

"He made an excellent impression," agreed the Senator.

He then told a nice story about how Lindbergh had refused to take all the applause for himself, "as many fellows would," at the big Madison Square Garden meeting in New York, and had insisted on the Senator taking his share of the bows.

"I found him a very modest young man," he said. "Very quiet, but very—"

Again the Senator was groping for a word. It was, I knew, the old trick of a practiced orator who wants the other fellow to think that he is doing the thinking all by himself. But I fell for it.

"Determined?"

"Well," he laughed, "he's a Swede. We have a lot of them out where I come from—the finest people in the world, but stubborn."

I didn't press the Senator for a further appraisal of his co-leader's claim on his admiration. The motivating causes which had brought these two campaigners together were obviously not personal. However, he volunteered a remark which throws some light on the question why an experienced politician like Burt Wheeler *might* be glad to team up in almost any respectable cause with Charles Lindbergh:

"As I say, I don't know him very well—have met him only three or four times, and then most casually—but one thing I do know: he has a great following in this country."

Personally, I don't believe that the prospect of jumping on the Lindbergh band wagon—if it *is* a band wagon—would influence Burt Wheeler for a moment to espouse any cause in which he did not believe. If he had been that kind of fellow, he would never have been careless enough to slip off F. D. R.'s ample coattails for the privilege of fighting for an abstract principle like the sanctity of the Nine Old Men.

However, Burt Wheeler is a politician, and politicians, as we have often heard, have to get used to all kinds of bedfellows. Moreover, politicians—even forthright ones like Wheeler—sometimes feel that the only way to achieve ultimate ends is by intermediate compromise.

Some seasoned Washington observers, knowing these things, are inclined to look with much skepticism and some amusement on Senator Wheeler's sudden interest in foreign affairs, which brings him conspicuously into the Lindbergh limelight as the apparently close ally of the man he doesn't know very well.

Superficially, even after acknowledging the common bond of their sincere desire to keep the nation out of war, the alliance between these two very different public figures did seem a curious one. But now it seemed to me fairly obvious—although, of course, this was only a personal impression and might be wrong—that, so far as the Senator was concerned, it was Lindbergh's "great following," rather than Lindbergh himself, that intrigued him.

Why so? Because it would be useful in advancing the cause of isolationism?

I was ready to believe that.

Because it would be useful in advancing the cause of Burt Wheeler?

Well, I knew what the hard-bitten birds of Washington were singing.

So I went back to my quest. Perhaps I could find a subject on which the Senator would be more willing to let himself go. I did.

"You recall, Senator, that Liberty published Ambassador Dodd's Diary."

"Yes indeed," he said, brightening.

"The magazine did not mention you by name, but later the President identified you as the person intended."

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He said, "Neither have I h
it before, but I've never
you before. The song is y

The Song Is You

☆ JOEY BRENNAN felt fine. He sat at a corner table in the Cloud Club and sipped at his drink and looked around at all the well dressed people, and everything was pretty much as it should be. Summer Rose had opened the night before, and he knew now it was a very good musical, and the critics had been lavish with their appreciation of the lovely Brennan tunes that carried the show along. The Girl in Blue and Walking Along were both having fine seasons, and there was every reason in the world for being happy. Ted Turner and his band, on the other side of the huge room, were at the moment playing You've Seen Her Many Times Before, from last night's opening. Everything was fine.

Big Tommy Oates, sitting on the other side of the table, belched in a restrained manner and said, "He's killin' it, boss. I don't like the way the brass goes into the chorus. You oughta speak to him. He's ruinin' it."

Joey smiled, and it was a good thing to see him smile. His teeth were fine and white and even, and his chin would make a person think twice about speaking hastily to him, and his nose was short and straight, and his eyes smiled right along with his lips. He said, "He's doing fine, Tommy. It's probably the second time the boys have played it. Give him a chance."

"You write that nice stuff and those bums butcher it," Tommy growled. "There oughta be a law."

"Not tonight," Joey told him. "No laws tonight, Tommy. Tonight we have no complaints." He lit a cigarette and asked, "How long have we been coming, Tommy? It seems like a long, long time."

"Four years," Tommy said positively and with the authority of one who has helped to make history. "Four years and two months. The first one was Serenade for Spring. Then there were two musicals and we went to Hollywood for a year. Then we came back here and it was The Hell You Say. That was terrific. Then—"

Joey nodded and said, "Yeah. I know. It just seems funny, that's all. Four years ago I just about had the price of a beer, and now we can sit here, in evening clothes that aren't rented, and the band is playing our stuff. It's a great world."

Tommy nodded. "We come a long way," he confessed. "We done a job."

And it was a long way from the wheel of a big gravel truck to a table at the Cloud Club. It was quite a drive. It was a long way from a cheap furnished room to a huge apartment overlooking the river into which you had dived from the docks when you had been a kid. It was a long way from an old rented upright piano that the neighbors used to complain about, to a beautiful grand that poured its unbelievably wondrous tones into a huge room flooded with sunlight. It was a tough, twisting path which led from those days when you had carried jumbled fragments of a tune in your head, to now, when you could sit out front at a show and hear your songs played by a fine band and sung by a well trained chorus.

And at that moment he stopped thinking.

The band had turned into another number, and there, at the microphone at the front of the platform, was a girl, and she was singing. She was singing softly and easily, but Joey couldn't hear the words. He was aware of the

BY WILLIAM HOLDER

voice, because it was so much a part of the girl, but he paid no attention to the words. He knew only that she was tall, and that if he stood beside her the top of her head would come just to his eyes, and that was tall for a girl. He had a vague impression of soft and gracious velvet that emphasized the startling whiteness of her shoulders and throat, and of dark hair that was brushed back over her ears and that rose, somehow, in a little mound at the top of her head. Her body was lovely with a slender fullness that spoke of long legs, and he knew how beautifully she would walk. Her face was strong, the lips full, the nose hinting of arrogance, her skin clear and lovely. Her eyes, even at the distance, he knew, were direct and gray and slightly amused.

Joey recovered himself enough to kick Tommy under the table and whisper, "Who is she? We've never seen her here. Where did he get her?"

"I dunno," Tommy told him, and grabbed a passing waiter. In a moment he turned and said, "It's one of them things, boss. The gal's name is Sally Sears, and her old man is Samuel Sears, of Samuel Sears, and he owns most of Wall Street. She is a every-night customer, and it seems she has been bit by this bug that chases society girls, and asks if she can sing tonight." He looked toward the stand where the girl was still singing, and he pursed his lips and said, "An' she ain't bad. That ain't a bad voice."

Joey nodded absently. Something had happened to him. Something had happened to his head and something had happened inside his chest. He didn't know what it was, but it frightened him a little bit and he liked it. He sat there and stared while the girl finished with the song.

There was applause. It was polite but it was not restrained. Joey looked about, and on the faces of a lot of people he could see approval, and mingled with it, in most cases, was surprise.

But the number was finished, and Ted Turner was holding the microphone and saying something about how pleased every one was, and the girl was standing beside him, and Joey thought her color a bit deeper than before, and he could see that she too

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Manhattan romance! A vivid tale of a boy and a girl and a melody—and love

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Youth

A star of yesterday, newl in pictures again, gives yo some time-defying secret

BY GLORIA SWANSON

Gloria Swanson as she looks today.

☆ I CAME to California a few weeks ago to have a nice quiet fruit-juice cure. So far as I was concerned, Hollywood was a stopping-off place; for six years I had been simply a business woman and a New Yorker.

But Hollywood was still Hollywood as ever was, a lure and a bewitchment. I met a producer; he made a suggestion; I signed a contract. I came blinking into reality to find I must have my breakdown on a sound stage at RKO, jittering through a picture opposite Adolphe Menjou. It sounded like a good idea, even so. My acting career had been, I thought, ended since 1934, but the years of interim suddenly were as a day.

Then, one night, I met a person in a night club and she said, in all good faith but much too delightedly, "Why, Miss Swanson, how young and lovely you still look!"

Her remark gave me pause. When others repeated it and various columnists printed, apparently in amazement, that Swanson was getting about unsupported by canes and frequently smiled without developing cracks in her face or dislodging a wig, I faced reality. These people, for some reason, seemed to think I was a female Methuselah, eligible for a rocking chair next to Whistler's mother.

There was the afternoon, for instance, when I walked into a party and a group of guests who were talking about me didn't notice my entrance. "Amazing," said one gentleman. "She holds up as well as any of the current crop. Why, I saw Gloria Swanson playing siren roles during my first year in college."

"If she's a day under fifty I'm Shirley Temple," a well preserved grandmother remarked archly. "After all, she's got a married daughter."

"Well, Gloria's had her face lifted, of course."

It was all too much. I stepped up to the woman who said that and put my head down close to her face and pulled back the hair from my temples and ears. "Look closely," I said. "See any scars?"

"We were just talking about the way modern women don't show their ages," she defended herself, "and we mentioned you. You should feel flattered."

"But why the concentration on this age business?" I asked. "You," I said, picking out the man who had been to college—"has it occurred to you that when I was playing those siren parts I should have been in school myself? How old are you?"

"I'll be thirty-nine in June."

"Then I'm a few years up on you," I told him. "But you needn't make a point of it."

It has never occurred to me to have a complex about age or to think of myself other than as a woman named Swanson, vitally interested in life, her children, business, love, clothes, the arts, people, and the way the world goes on. It is incidental that I have the same figure I had at twenty, that my health is just as good, that I feel the same. Since, however, this business of age was brought so sharply to my attention, I have given it some spare-moment contemplation.

The besetting difficulty of the American woman, by which she brings recurrent misery to herself, is her viewpoint about the passing years. She is incessantly aware of them and their effect on her. It is the fear of losing beauty, the quality of youth, charm, and vitality, that causes women to leave their fortieth-birthday parties and fling themselves on beds behind locked doors for a good cry.

This is stupidity. All of the immortal females of history became of interest only after they were women and had ceased being girls. There is no such thing as eternal youth or beauty, but there is agelessness, which a woman can achieve; she can be physically lovely all her life, if once she has had a sense of loveliness, and she can be young in the deepest meaning of the word for however long she lives.

☆ I DON'T remember ever saying consciously to myself, "Gloria, take care. Take particular care of Gloria, or Gloria will begin to look awful." After all, even a girl of

seventeen might get fat, develop a bad skin, or lose her muscle tone, if she let herself go. It is a matter of being personally fastidious.

But there was that late afternoon five years ago when I drove to my doctor's office and said, "Give me a diet, for the love of heaven!" then abruptly clutched my stomach and remarked, "I feel *terrible.*"

The doctor stood thoughtfully regarding me. "Tell me, Gloria," he said at last, "what you had for dinner last night. In detail."

I thought back. "Why, mushroom soup, a salad, and saddle of lamb."

"But before that. Those things on the little toothpicks. . . ."

"Oh. Cocktail sausages, canapés with pickle and anchovies and pâté, smoked salmon—"

"—and a Martini or two?"

"Just sherry," I said virtuously. "Three. Then mixed shrimp and lobster with a sharp sauce, and the soup. Divine soup. The lamb, with potatoes, asparagus Hollandaise. And salad, very healthy—Roquefort dressing."

"No dessert? Ice cream, maybe?"

"Yes, and delicious, too. There was a pear underneath and some chocolate syrup. And that's all, doctor. Just coffee and liqueurs after that."

"No mints and nuts on the table?"

"Well . . ."

The doctor said, "Put the food and liquid you swallowed last night on a plate and ask a dog to eat it. Then come to me. I'll cauterize the bite."

After that, as I sat at table, I found myself hesitating before certain dishes. I thought, This spoonful isn't going to look so good on top of what went before. The picture that doctor painted finally conditioned me, until I had no choice except to eat intelligently.

Thus my diet was simplified. To this day, my mother says to me, "How do you keep body and soul together? You don't eat enough."

I always have my reply ready: "It was different with our ancestors. They had to eat lots of bread to get the value from the wheat germ. I can get mine in a tablet if I need it. Anyway, they worked all day in the fields. I don't."

But it was those same ancestors who handed me on a chromosome platter a complexion which demands no excessive care. I keep it clean with soap and water. When it gets dry I rub on some almond oil. That complexion is my sheer good luck and I admit it, so please don't accuse me of undermining the capitalistic system by advising against the use of beauty preparations.

My figure maintains its status quo by the grace of God and my nervous temperament. I am a fidget. When I am at my desk, I sit tentatively on the edge of my chair, darting frequently away to pace the floor or to throw myself down on a sofa and beat my fists against the back of it in a frenzy of concentration. I have seen fit to crowd my normal working day (and even what I fondly call my days of rest) with so much activity, I do not know how to be sedentary.

I go four times a year to the dentist to have my teeth cleaned, and annually give myself a birthday present of a complete physical examination. When my hair goes indecisive about its color I will let it, and not kill all its vitality with dye; for the present I simply brush it.

With this essential structure, I can make the most of the clothes Valentina and René Hubert design for me. Never, under any circumstances, would I wear dresses with an ingénue appeal. What a person sees when he glances at you is of little importance unless you are genuinely ageless, no more or no less old than you really know yourself to be at the moment.

There is an actress in Hollywood who is twenty-eight. She is lovely, clean-limbed, knowingly smart. She made her first success in a film which starred her as a middle-aged woman. She played the part very well. When she married her producer, however, he developed a complex about her and insisted on giving her the role of a sixteen-year-old girl in her next picture. Now, a woman of twenty-eight just being twenty-eight is charmingly young to the average observer; but such a woman pretending to be sixteen adds such a hazard to her appearance that even those who know her well draw too much inference of phoniness, and decide she is really in her thirties. The critics, after the preview of her second film, said as much.

What is true of this situation is true so far as you and I are concerned. No one can give the illusion of innocence, energy, or romantic dewy appeal simply by wearing unadorned tulle and giggling spiritedly. She must discover what values are important to her, and make the discovery at a relatively early age. Then, as each day walks, then runs, then flashes by, she must that day and every day be the Most Woman she can be.

If it all sounds too exhausting to you at this point, cease reading. Only a person equipped with an inexhaustible wellspring of vitality (God-given, diet-created, or just plain forced) can survive the dismal slow degeneration of the disinterested female.

As I consider objectively the few years I have lived as an adult, I realize that I have reached out and taken more of life than any three other women, expending energy when it was demanded of me as if I had a corner on the erg market.

I have had careers, as an actress and in business, and I have had four marriages and three children.

By all standards, I suppose my careers can be counted as having had success. My two daughters and son are healthy and happy, and I can (and repeatedly do) point to them with pride in refutation of the theory that a career woman cannot be a successful mother. As for love, I have always been honest with it.

I mention these things without undue modesty simply to make clear that I have never had the opportunity of lavishing sympathy on myself, of coddling my body or allowing myself moments of fearful introspection. Surely I have had neither the leisure nor inclination to dwell upon the passing of a year and its solemn or comic results upon my personality. I would not suggest that any woman should forgo occasional periods of reflection and candid evaluation; without them she can have no reliable perspective. But I do insist that a woman should be too busy living to step physically or mentally back into the discarded past, to be anything but contemporary.

If she is related to the current scene as an integral part of it, working hard as a careerist, wife, mother, or as all three, it is required of her that she maintain her balance, and she will do it automatically, without thinking, as naturally as she drives a car.

nd Beauty after Forty

☆ I CAN remember only once, the first and last time in my life, when I was in danger of being an ex-person, a washed-up and discarded woman even in my own eyes. This was eleven years ago. A cataclysm known as "talkies" had recently happened to Hollywood. My daughter was at school, busy with her studies. My husband was occupied. Stars of the highest rating were suffering the most, because their fall in the public's

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Problem Drinkers and How to Help Them

☆ UNTIL his last year in college, Ben was shy and lonely, wanting badly to make friends. But whenever he tried to be sociable, something inside of him closed up, making him stiff and ill at ease. One evening, as he passed the village tavern, through the windows he saw some of his classmates lined up at the bar. In an acute attack of loneliness he remembered something one of them had said to him. "What you need," was the injunction, "is a good tall drink to loosen you up."

Ben turned back and went through the swinging doors, ordering a Tom Collins. Suddenly he found himself talking with a voluble wit that brought an approving claque around him. His first drink led to another. The discovery of what liquor would do for him soon brought him to increasing his intake. By graduation day Ben was rated as one of his class's best drinkers. As he was also one of its top students, he had no trouble in finding a job, and for several years he went steadily ahead.

In the meantime something had been happening to him. The drinking he had begun at college went on at the bar just around the corner from his office. He went there every day on his way home. Later it was cocktails with his wife and their friends at some smart cocktail bar. Or they went to cocktail parties. By dinnertime he was what he called "pleasantly tight." Before long he was augmenting his "pick-me-ups" with highballs during dinner and numerous brandies through the evening. People said he must have hollow legs, he held so much liquor so well.

The time came when Ben's drinking left his wit behind and he became quarrelsome and disorderly. In his hours of sober regret he resolved to taper off, or to stop his drinking short. He could do neither. At thirty he was an inebriate. One by one his friends had dropped away from him. His wife left him. His job was gone and he was unable to get another one.

Ben was not a weakling or a rascal. He was a mental invalid, belonging to that group of men and women upon whom alcohol acts as a virus, eating its way into their resistance, driving them to greater and greater indulgence until their drinking becomes a surface mark of a disease which, if unchecked, may be no less fatal than tuberculosis. Just as tuberculosis, taken in time, may be arrested, so may alcoholism be arrested. Unlike tuberculosis, which is on the wane because of the widespread medical campaign against it, alcoholism, which has had little done to defeat it, and most of that little ill-advised and futile, is on the up-and-up, particularly so among women and the young. As its best proving ground is stress and strain, it now becomes one of the most important of our national health problems, and its prevention and cure a salient factor in our national defense.

How many drunkards there are in this country we do not know. Public health records tell us that out of 150,000 first admissions to the private and public mental hospitals last year, over 11 per cent were afflicted with acute or chronic alcoholism. Reports from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, taking in 1,214 cities with an aggregate population of 39,147,097, show that of the 4,365,420 men and women arrested in 1939, over 592,000 were charged with drunkenness. How many of those booked for disorderly conduct or traffic violations were intoxicated we have not been informed. Nor have we any way of knowing how many among those held for drunkenness were repeaters. Quoting Austin MacCormick, formerly Commissioner of Correction for New York City and now executive director of the Osborne Association: "We do know that an army of human beings, probably into the millions, charged with intoxication pass through our police stations, courts, jails, and mental hospitals each year."

These figures do not cover that uncomputed number of heavy drinkers of all ages, from adolescence to second childhood, who manage to escape arrest or commitment. You can see them any afternoon and evening in most cities and towns or out on the highways in the rural districts, seated among the casual and moderate drinkers in café, cocktail bar, night club, or roadhouse. Tensed and hunched at the bar, or slouched in chairs at tables, they call for one drink after another, folding their hands tenderly around their glasses, their eyes heavy with stupor or restless from their artificial elation. Sometimes they are hilarious in the midst of the crowd, as it draws about them the better to ridicule them. Sometimes they retreat into a corner by themselves to drink furtively, their eyes turned inward on their poor dreams.

Whether they drink a great deal or a little, alone or in company, they are the lost ones bound by alcohol from the day they had their first drink. Their one hope is that before it is too late they may realize what they are up against and seek help where it may be found. And that is with the medical men and psychologists who have made alcoholism their special study.

For many years slight progress was made toward the discovery of the nature of the malady—what causes it and how it may be cured. While there is still much to be learned about it, the majority of scientists have come to the conclusion that in most cases its cause lies in some deep-seated emotional disturbance which has upset their mental equilibrium, rendering them unable to cope with the difficulties arising in their everyday lives. This swing away from the normal is usually the result of some childhood event or circumstance. There is no such thing as inherited alcoholism. But a child may inherit a high-strung nervous system which may later give him a tendency to excessive drinking. Many inebriates are high-strung, imaginative, and alive to nuances that are lost on those keyed to a lower pitch.

(*Continued on page 38*)

ILLUSTRATOR NORMAN ROBARD

You can see them any afternoon and evening in café, cocktail bar, or roadhouse

Science to the rescue! A surprising survey of 1941's new methods and understandings

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

BY LESLIE FORD

ILLUSTRATOR HY RUBIN

He took a step forward. "Look, Miss Drayton—" "Good-by, Mr. Heywood." She gathered her hoops lightly in her fingers.

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Mystery deepens, a killer strikes, in a tense, colorful novel of love and danger

Murder with Southern Hospitality

☆ LOUISE GOULD, who tells the story, goes on a garden pilgrimage to Natchez, Mississippi, with Mrs. Cornelia Cartwright, wealthy president of her town's Garden Club. Miss Letty Drayton, the club secretary, who originally came from Natchez and whose family lives there, accompanies them with reluctance after the club has voted to pay her expenses. A mild little sparrow of a woman, she cannot stand against the formidable Mrs. Cartwright, so, when the latter insists that she write her family that the three will stop with them while in Natchez, Miss Letty does so, although she obviously doesn't want to. In fact, the only time she shows any spirit at all is when she comes upon Cornelia looking at a locket she has left on her dressing table. As Cornelia picks it up it opens and a folded piece of newspaper falls out. Miss Letty loses her temper and forbids her to touch it again.

The three take the trip in Cornelia's car, driven by Lusby, her colored chauffeur. Near Nashville, Cornelia insists that a young man in a tan touring car is following them, and she wants to call the police. Louise makes an opportunity to warn the man. He seems perfectly respectable and rather charming and says he is stopping at Natchez on his way to Kelly Field. A distant cousin, a Natchez man, left him some plantations—but only on condition that he marry a certain girl before he was twenty-six. Otherwise she will get the property. He will be twenty-six in October and he wants to see the girl—just out of curiosity; he has no intention of marrying her.

When Louise tells Miss Letty the story, she seems very interested.

On their arrival in Natchez, Cornelia and Louise are surprised at the magnificence of the house in which Miss Letty's brother, Judge Drayton, and her sister, Kate Drayton, live with the judge's son, Lawrence, and his niece, Anne. The judge welcomes them with no great cordiality. He is especially cold in his greeting of his sister Letty and so is Miss Kate. Louise overhears her say: "If you had any pride or decency, you wouldn't show your face here. We refuse to allow you to make trouble in this house. Is that clear, Laetitia?" To which Miss Letty replies that one thing she will not allow—Anne shall not marry her cousin Lawrence.

Louise is immediately interested in Anne when she learns that she is the girl the young man in the touring car—Steven Heywood—is coming to see. However, when Steve calls, Judge Drayton refuses to allow him to enter the house. Louise scents a conspiracy and calls Heywood's hotel just as they are all about to start for the Candlelight Ball. She is told he has checked out—and looks up to find Judge Drayton watching her.

PART TWO—THE BODY IN THE BAYOU

☆ THE Candlelight Ball was well under way when we arrived, Cornelia, Miss Letty, and I. The yellow tips of hundreds of candles shone softly through the windows and wide-open doors like rows of orderly golden bees, and the women, with their swaying hoops, flowers in their hair, their bare shoulders luminously soft in the shadowy light, were very lovely.

I turned to say something about it to Cornelia. But I'd underestimated her capacities. She'd come in costume herself and spotted somebody from the gallery steps, and she was not only already through the receiving line but in it, welcoming the guests as graciously as if her grandfather had fought with the Gray instead of hiring an impoverished neighbor to represent him with the Blue.

I shook hands with her.

"Louise," she whispered, "that man! He's still following us. Now, don't say he isn't, because he is."

"He's gone," I said reassuringly. "He's got cousins down here. It's probably a cousin."

I glanced around. Lawrence Drayton was surrounded at the punch bowl by what is called a bevy of girls. Anne was at the other side of the room with Miss Letty, surrounded by women who seemed delighted to see her again—Miss Letty looking happier than I'd ever known her. Her brother was standing behind them, tight-lipped and stiff.

I wandered through the rooms, looking at the house, came out into the back gallery, and stopped abruptly. Sitting there, just outside the door, was a young man in a dinner jacket. I stared at him and he stared back at me. Suddenly he broke into a broad grin.

"Hi," he said.

"I thought you'd gone!" I gasped.

"I did," he said. "I got about ten miles out, and I changed my mind, and I came back." He got up. "What about a turn in the garden, ma'am?"

"My name's Gould, Louise Gould," I said. "If there's a vegetable garden, I'd like a raw potato. I'm starved."

"I want you to do me a favor, and then we'll go get something," Steve Heywood said.

We went down the steps and out into a moonlit garden that was overgrown and full of a jungle charm that the grounds at Antigua—which was the name of the Drayton place—were far too well kept to have.

"I want you to find out which is Anne Drayton, and show her to me," he went on.

"I already know," I said. "I'm staying at her place."

"You are!" he exclaimed. "Then you've met the old museum piece in the monkey suit."

"That's Judge Drayton," I said. "He's the fine flower of traditional hospitality."

"Or something."

"And *why* did you come back?" I demanded.

He looked at me with a kind of grim cheerfulness. "Just to get even with all these people. I don't want the plantations, and I certainly don't want to marry any cross-eyed Southern bud."

"How do you know she's cross-eyed?"

"I knew a cousin of hers at law school—Lawrence Drayton. He told me a lot about her."

I said, "Oh."

"Anyway, nobody shuts the door in *my* face and gets away with it. I've got two weeks before I show up at Kelly Field. And I'm going to enjoy myself making it uncomfortable for the whole crew. Boy, oh boy, is Miss Anne going to wish she hadn't been indisposed! And is uncle going to wish he hadn't shut the door in little Stevie's face!"

☆ I LOOKED at him, sitting there grinning like an ape and apparently enjoying himself enormously. And it wasn't all amusement. There was a determined serious undertone, though, curiously enough, it was entirely without bitterness.

"I never did like Lawrence anyway," he said.

"But what if it's not Anne's fault?" I asked. "She didn't even know you were there this evening. And she can't help it if she's cross-eyed."

I glanced up then. Coming along the path, the moonlight silvering her shining hair, was the girl we were talking about, ethereally lovely as a dream.

"Gosh!" Steve said—or whistled rather.

Anne Drayton and an older man, obviously a stranger she was showing the garden, turned off along another path. I started to call her, and decided it wouldn't hurt Steve to wait a little.

"You don't know *her*, do you?" he said, still following her with a slightly awe-struck gaze.

"Why don't we go inside?" I said. I got up. "Your old friend Lawrence is in there holding down the punch bowl. She's going to marry him, by the way. It's a secret I'm not supposed to know, so don't tell anybody."

He stopped abruptly.

"The hell she is," he said blankly. Then he grinned. "This gets better and better. I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

I wouldn't either, I thought. I really thought it then. Later I wasn't sure I wouldn't have given almost anything to have missed it.

I went inside first. I didn't want Judge Drayton to see me with Steven, not being quite certain whether he'd heard who I'd been phoning to. I slipped unobtrusively into the crowded dining room. Lawrence Drayton was leaning against the sideboard. His father was listening to the two women Cornelia had greeted enthusiastically as we came in. Either of them might have been Steve's Aunt Selina, or Cornelia herself, for that matter. They were well fed and well corseted, with smartly coifed white hair, rouge a little too pink and powder a little too white, and they were both talking at once—one about what her club had done to the highways in California, and the other about how WPA workers had dug up the rhododendrons her club had planted around their city dump.

☆ LAWRENCE had apparently felt the need of fortification, and was noisier than the ritualistic dignity of the occasion warranted.

"We were too smart to let the damyankees burn down *our* houses," he was saying to a pretty girl in tweeds, obviously a pilgrim. "We were the appeasers of that day. We asked the officers in, and—"

He stopped abruptly, his face going the color of a dismayed oyster. And Steve Heywood was wonderful. He was making his way between the ladies' hoops with a cheerful "Well, fancy meeting you here, of all places, old fellow!" air that couldn't have been more convincing if he'd meant it.

"Larry, my boy!" he said, grinning.

"Hello," Lawrence said stiffly. "What are you doing around here?"

I looked quickly at Judge Drayton. Outwardly there wasn't the least change in him. He went on listening courteously to how the pilgrim from California had, singlehanded, picketed a eucalyptus tree in front of a chain store until the governor stepped in and refused to let it be cut down.

"Oh, I was just here," I heard Steve say. "A cousin of my father left me some run-down plantations. I figured I'd have a look at them. Old Minot Heywood. Maybe you knew him."

The flush on Lawrence Drayton's cheeks deepened.

"I knew him," he said unpleasantly. "I thought he left them to my cousin Anne."

"By golly, I forgot!" Steve exclaimed. "She *is* your cousin. That's a blow. I hoped she'd be a nice girl. I'm supposed to marry her."

I thought for an instant—to put it inelegantly—that Lawrence was going to bust.

"My cousin has no intention of marrying you, or anybody like you," he said furiously.

"I'm afraid she'll have to," Steve replied suavely— "*if* she wants to get the plantations."

"The hell she does. You'd better read the will again."

"I've just read it," Steve said. "It says if I'm unwilling to conform to the terms, the property goes to the lady."

He gave Lawrence a beaming smile.

"But I'm not unwilling—see? It doesn't say what happens if she's unwilling—which, frankly, I can't imagine. You see, it's not that I *want* to marry your cousin, Larry. It was my father's poor dear cousin's dying wish. It's my duty in spite of everything."

My heart gave a jump into my mouth just then, and back with a sickening lurch into the pit of my stomach. Anne Drayton was standing in the doorway, and there wasn't a doubt, from the look on her exquisite face, that she'd heard the whole silly business. She took a quick step forward, her eyes blazing. I saw Judge Drayton go quickly to her and take her by the shoulders, shaking his head. For an instant I thought she was going to break loose, but she relaxed suddenly, turned, and went out with him. Neither Steve nor Lawrence had seen her. Lawrence was too furious to be conscious of anything. He was shaking with rage.

"You big redheaded baboon," he said, "you're not getting away with that line! Now we've made a strike, you come sneaking around! You think you're going to cash in. Well, you won't!"

His voice broke incoherently. Then, without the slightest warning, he threw the punch cup in his hand straight at Steve's head. There was a stifled scream from the girls near him. I thought for a moment that the Candlelight Ball was turning into a good old-fashioned Natchez-under-the-Hill brawl. Steve stood there. He hadn't moved except for a left hand flashing up in front of his face, so quick I couldn't follow it. He looked down for an instant at Lawrence, put the punch cup calmly down on the table, turned, and came across the room to me.

"Did you say you wanted something to eat, Louise?" he asked equably.

☆ WE'D made our way almost to the door when Cornelia intercepted me. When she saw Steve her face went a mottled green. "Louise!" she gasped.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said. "Mrs. Cartwright, Mr. Heywood—Mrs. Selina Maxwell's nephew."

Cornelia looked at him skeptically. His shirt was wet, with little bits of lemon pulp adhering to it, and his collar had definitely seen better moments. But Cornelia was a lady. She took a deep breath.

"How do you do, Mr. Maxwell?" she said.

Steve bowed.

"I think we'd better be going at once, Louise. I'll just say good-by to Millicent and Cora. You didn't meet them when they visited me last year. It was when you were away with the doctor—Mrs. Gould's husband is a doctor, and a charming gentleman."

She added that last to Steve sig-

nificantly, as if he were neither and, further, might be under the illusion that I was not only unattached but much younger than my obvious thirty-five. She also gave me a disapproving glance, as if I, too, might not have considered my husband and my age.

"Mrs. Gould is going with me to get a sandwich," Steve said. "I'll bring her home."

Cornelia's lips tightened. Whether it was my life or my reputation she feared for, I wouldn't know. Anyway, we got out.

"Your young lady heard you back there, by the way," I said, when we'd got into his car.

He didn't say anything for a moment. The debonair young man that he'd been up to the time Lawrence hurled the punch cup at him was definitely gone. In his place was a hard-jawed and steely-eyed person I hadn't met before.

"Was she there?" he said at last. "Well, that's O. K. with me."

"What if you have to marry her?" I asked. "You said publicly you were willing, you know."

We pulled up at a roadside stand.

☆ "YOU know, Louise," he said, "there's something funny about this. I never figured out why Minot Heywood made such a cockeyed will. And he wrote it himself. It went like this: 'In order to repair a great wrong, I leave my entire estate, real and personal, and so on, to Steven Heywood, son of my beloved cousin Steven Heywood, if on or before his twenty-sixth birthday he marries Anne Drayton,' and so on."

"Thereby doing another great wrong?" I said.

He gave me a sour grin.

"Well, I sort of figured the gal might need the property and I didn't. It's cockeyed anyway, marrying people off like that. Then I come down here and find she's as well heeled as I am, if not a lot more so. Even at that, I'd have been willing to pass it up. What griped me was the idea I was horning in on something I hadn't any right to."

"I've told you that wasn't her fault," I said.

He shrugged. "Leave her out, if you like. You heard Cousin Lawrence—I'd waited until they'd made a strike and then down I barge to cash in?"

"I nodded. "It's not a joke any longer, I take it?"

"You're right. Not until I see what's up. I think there's something screwy about it."

He put my coffee cup on the tray at the window.

"Well, well," he said. "As I live and breathe!"

He pointed to a shiny black limousine pulling in beside an oil truck in front of us. "Aunt Selina! In duplicate!"

I looked around. I didn't know whether it was his Aunt Selina or just Cornelia again. As a matter of fact it wasn't either. It was Cornelia's friends Millicent, the lone picket of the eucalyptus tree, and Cora of the rhododendrons around the city dump.

"A hot dog, Bates," Millicent said. "What will you have, Cora?"

"A hot dog," Cora said, "with mustard."

"The hot dog," Steve observed, "is a great democratic leveler. What about another hamburger?"

"I've got to get along before they pull up the drawbridge," I said. "I'm not even sure they're going to let me in, considering the company I keep. Anyway, there's a man behind us that wants our space."

He pulled out in front of the oil truck. The small black car that was waiting came in behind us. I saw the two ladies looking at it critically. The

"Would you mind if I just go in to make a phone call?"

curiously sallow-faced man behind the front wheel struck his horn sharply, and the colored waiter hurried out to him.

It wouldn't have surprised me to find the gates of Antigua locked and barred, but they weren't.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" I said. The silvery moonlight touched trees and lawns with phosphorescent magic. The azaleas along the circling drive were like banks of rosy snow. Through the oaks and magnolias with their streamers of moss, stood the great house, its columns rising like gracious sentinels.

As we came up to the house we stopped abruptly. Something was moving toward us out of the deep shadow. The moonbeams dancing through the vines made a sudden arabesque of what looked to me for an instant like a great silver bell. It swung forward, rhythmic and graceful, and emerged into the broad wash of moonlight, lengthening at its top into the slender column of waist and shoulders and a pale-gold-tipped head with a crimson rose still in the high-piled coronet of glistening curls.

Anne Drayton came toward us. Steve stood staring at her.

"It's Mr. Heywood, isn't it?" she asked. "I'm Anne Drayton. I hoped you would come."

The soft cadence of her voice was low and rich with the same intensity that smoldered in her eyes.

"My cousin Lawrence told me you were an impossible bounder. I want to thank you for proving he was right. . . . But that isn't what I waited out here to tell you. You're more than welcome to the property you came here for. I don't want the Heywood estate. I've never understood Mr. Minot leaving it to me, except that I was devoted to him and he was a lonely old man. It seemed to me it was fair that we liquidate the estate and divide it evenly, but if you'll tell me where you're staying, my uncle will come tomorrow and settle the whole thing."

He stood there, just looking at her.

"Where are you staying, Mr. Heywood?" she repeated coolly.

"I'm . . . at Tangier," he said. He took a step forward. "Look, Miss Drayton—"

"Good-by, Mr. Heywood."

She gathered her hoops lightly in her fingers. "Are you coming, Louise?"

I said, "Good night, Steve," and held out my hand. He didn't even see it. He was looking at Anne, moving gracefully as thistledown across the gallery to the front door. I went up after her. She closed the door.

"I would suggest, Louise, that you go right up without bothering to say good night to my aunt and uncle," she said quietly. "They're very much upset. I'll see you in the morning."

"Good night," I said.

"Good night, Louise."

At the turn in the landing I glanced back down. She was standing there, her hand resting on the mahogany banister, looking in front of her, but not at anything that was there that I could see.

☆ THERE was a pink newspaper lying on the table in my room. I picked up the note on top of it. It was from Anne.

"This is an old edition that came out when Antigua was open for the pilgrimage," I read. "I thought you might like to see it."

The paper was a supplement with pictures of houses on the tour and historical sketches of them. I glanced through it. On the third page two houses were pictured, Antigua one of them. The other was Tangier.

"Separated by a deep bayou, Antigua and Tangier, homes respectively of the Draytons and the Heywoods, stand back to back, though scarcely visible to each other through the lacy curtain of luxuriant foliage."

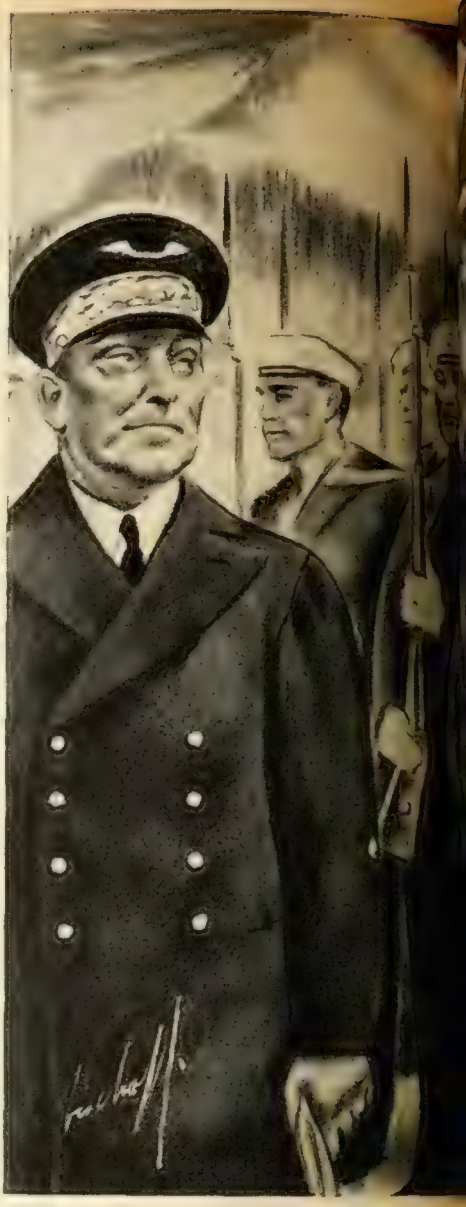
Tangiers, I thought: that was where Steve had said he was staying, and it must obviously be the house I'd seen through the trees across the bayou.

I read on:

"Both houses are famous in the history of Natchez. Natchez is full of stories of romance and bitterness that have grown up through more than a century in which the bayou has been

(Continued on page 46)

INSIDE GERMANY TODAY



READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A brilliant series uncovers an amazing inside story of a history-making bargain

How Darlan Sold

☆ THE ninth day of May in the current year of disgrace, 1941, may well be certified as the Black Friday of France. On that day the ground was prepared for the complete submission of the French to the yoke of Hitler. Whether it was final still remains to be seen. The present tragic chapter has come to me from the same Alias Herr Klausmann who reported, as appeared in Liberty last week, on another recent crisis within the robbers' roost at Berchtesgaden—the flight of Rudolf Hess.

For this latest report, because of its numerous details, our radiogram code could not be used. The complete notes were dispatched by courier and delivered to me by hand. Alias Herr Klausmann is now safely out of German-controlled territory. By the time this article is printed, he very probably will be in the United States—with further inside material from the Berghof, the mountain fortress home of the Nazi overlord.

The scene herein described is the latest of major importance in the long series of black episodes that have been staged within the private study of Adolf Hitler—but with a slight difference. This time it was no honorable but powerless opponent who was bullied and browbeaten into submission; it was a fawning peddler, come to barter a once-free people into chattel slavery.

The account is factual, for it is from an eyewitness. Klausmann was inside the Berghof when it all happened.

On this morning of May 9, a company of Nazi marines appeared in Berchtesgaden, startling even the inhabitants of this nowadays far from drowsy hamlet. Since no naval unit ever had been seen there before, it was evident that something unusual was brewing. When a small boy raced in from the airport with news that a large French tricolor was being overhauled there, rumor spread quickly that Vice-Premier Admiral Darlan of France was about to arrive for a visit at the Berghof.

As a matter of fact, the meeting between Darlan and Hitler was originally scheduled to take place at Strasbourg, where Hitler wanted to open the newly constructed bridge across the Rhine. However, a domestic crisis compelled him to remain at home. (This crisis, it later appeared, reached its peak when Hess fled to Scotland.) Darlan was notified that Hitler preferred to receive him at the Berghof. To compensate Darlan for this switch and to emphasize his rank of admiral, an honor guard of German marines was ordered to Berchtesgaden.

A Junkers transport plane conveying Darlan and his staff, escorted by three Messerschmitt pursuit ships, swooped down at the Berchtesgaden airfield at one o'clock in the afternoon. The party consisted of five—Darlan, Fernand de Brinon, two aides, and Otto Abetz, Hitler's emissary to France. The French Vice-Premier and de Brinon were in mufti, the two aides in French naval uniform. They were received by a German delegation headed by Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop.

Darlan and Ribbentrop clasped each other's hand. The members of the welcoming committee were introduced. A large tricolor wafted alongside a still larger swastika. The marines presented arms. Their band played the Marseillaise and Deutschland über Alles. Nothing was omitted to make the visitors feel that they were being properly honored. Darlan beamed as he entered a waiting automobile with von Ribbentrop.

At the Berghof, too, a tricolor was hoisted alongside the ever-present swastika. The party entered through the main portal. Some fifteen minutes later, Hitler, Darlan, von Ribbentrop, and Dr. Otto Schmidt, Hitler's personal interpreter, appeared on the wide terrace adjoining the Great Hall. The Führer pointed out to his French visitor the picturesque landscape.

Now for the full details, as relayed to me, of what then took place inside the Berghof:

Luncheon was served in the Great Hall and lasted approximately forty-five minutes. The French visitors were served with wine, but Hitler confined himself to milk. He appeared jovial and communicative. Conversation across the table dwelt upon art, music, and only lightly upon politics. The meal ended, Hitler invited Darlan to his private study, where the pair were joined by von Ribbentrop and Dr. Schmidt. Darlan understands some German, but he spoke in French and his words were interpreted by Dr. Schmidt. Hitler's words were translated only in part, since Darlan understood the rest.

Darlan started out by referring to his previous meeting with Hitler. He congratulated him on the recent German victories in Africa and Greece. He had never doubted an ultimate German victory in this war, he said, ever since the outcome of the Battle of Flanders. He assured Hitler that the French State was prepared to collaborate with Germany to the fullest possible extent, in order to speed up this German victory. The Vichy government was convinced, he said, that in-

The French Vice-Premier was in mufti. He was received by a delegation headed by von Ribbentrop.

ut France to Hitler

BY WYTHE WILLIAMS

heard Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday over 100 Mutual Network stations

definite prolongation of the war would be to the detriment of France. However, French public opinion must be considered. It was apathetic now, but could be aroused by events, one way or the other. The French colonial empire in Africa, Syria, and French possessions in the Western Hemisphere were to be considered. France knew that she had nothing to expect from the British, who would consider their own interests first and foremost. Yet the Vichy government wanted to avoid direct hostilities with Great Britain as long as possible, particularly in view of the attitude of the United States.

This prompted Hitler to a lengthy analysis of the position taken by Washington. He declared that, technically, the United States government *was* at war with Germany and Italy. American power diplomacy was busy creating new enemies for Germany wherever possible. He cited in particular the case of Yugoslavia and its disastrous outcome—for the Yugoslavs. He insisted that this campaign had been forced to get under way by President Roosevelt. He pointed out that American war materials and supplies were being sent to England on what virtually was a gift basis, also that the United States fleet was interfering with German naval operations in the Atlantic. In brief, the United States had concluded what amounted to a defensive and offensive military alliance with Great Britain since the outbreak of the war. Under ordinary international standards, American action could long ago have been interpreted as an act of war.

But he, Hitler, does not go, he said, by ordinary international standards. He is a man of the people. He understands that the Washington government is solely responsible in using every subterfuge for leading the United States into war, but he is piously certain that the American people are not behind their government on the war question. He insisted that American intervention is prolonging the war—needlessly, in his opinion. Had it not been for the insistence of the United States, the failing British Empire would have come to terms long ago. However, Hitler did not appear overly worried. If the United States committed an overt act, he said, she would have Japan to deal with, in addition to Germany and Italy. She might even have Russia as an enemy. Stalin would be only too happy to promote a Communist regime in the United States.

Then, dismissing the United States from further discussion, Hitler invited Darlan to proceed. When the admiral asked simply what terms France might expect for full collaboration, Hitler struck out with what was perhaps the shrewdest note of the conversation.

He declared that he had no terms to offer; that the warm reception accorded to Darlan at the Berghof should have convinced the guest that Germany was prepared to deal with vanquished France as an equal, in setting up the New Order. He quickly added that there had been a time, immediately after the dismissal of Pierre Laval from the office of Vice-Premier, when he had been ready to

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READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

BY ROY DICKINSON

☆ I WASN'T running away. Not exactly. I was merely trying to compose my mind, to reach a decision. I can't say I was quite rational. No man sees a powder plant blown into bits, turned into nothing but a hole in the ground, and keeps a level head.

Twelve men dead and fifteen hurt. Friends of mine, all of them. Good friends. They were working there in the powder mill, and I was standing on a little hill, resting a moment. I was on my way to the job—the afternoon shift. And all of a sudden the earth rocked, and clouds filled the air, and I couldn't breathe, and a great noise crashed and recrashed through my head, and I fell and lay there, sick and shaking. And when I could see—there was the hole where the mill had been.

They'd been trying out a new fan at the bottom of one of the big containers. And twenty-seven hundred pounds of smokeless powder had exploded. Was it merely accident? Or was it sabotage? That was the question that bothered me most. And if it was sabotage? Then, it seemed to me, other friends of mine would be blasted out of existence, too. And perhaps me with them.

Why should I go back? I asked myself. Why didn't I just keep walking on through these Ramapos until I found some other job—some sane, foolproof job in which a man didn't have to risk his life every minute?

It was dusk when I stopped walking. I was tired, I guess. A silver-blue mist had drifted up from the Ramapo and the green hills had taken on an eerie hue.

It was quiet here, and peaceful, and a man could think out things. I sat down on a log and lighted my pipe, and looked down the old Cannonball Trail and over at the shanties and tents of the road-building gang—weird shapes in the gathering dark. I had half expected to find the contractor there, or one of his foremen. They were building a new highway over the historic old trail, and maybe I could get a job. But the camp was deserted apparently. There wasn't even a red lantern there.

I felt sure that I was all alone—that even the rattlesnakes, which sun themselves all day long on the gray rocks, had gone to bed. So I was startled when a voice spoke to me and a blurred form came out of the shadows that brooded over the road camp.

"I smelled your tobacco," the voice said, "and it smelled mighty good. Mind if I sit down with you a spell?

I hurried down the trail, thinking of noblemen and ragged Continentals.

One Light Burning

For America today—The stirring story of a message from the past

It gets pretty lonesome, nights, in these Blue Mountains."

I moved over and made place on the log.

"Sit down," I said. "But these are the Ramapo Hills, not the Blue Mountains."

He was an old man; yet, oddly enough, he had few wrinkles in his face. He moved with agility, his hands were powerful, and his carriage was straight as an Indian's. It was only the starlight shining in his eyes that told me he was old—extremely old.

"That's right," he said. "It's been more than a hundred years since anybody called them the Blue Mountains. But they haven't changed. These hills have seen men come and go. Indians. Pirates. Soldiers.

"Did you know that the Continentals carried up this trail the great links of the chain they stretched across the Hudson in 1778? Did you notice that cave as you came up the trail? Near Mahwah? Claudius Smith hid out there many times."

"A bandit?" I asked.

"Guess you could call him that. He and his gang used to steal cattle from the American farmers and sell them to the British. His ma told him he'd be hung for it some day. 'Claudius,' she said, 'some day you're agoin' to die like a trooper's horse—with your shoes on.'

"But before they hung him Claudius kicked off his shoes to make a liar out of his mother.

"Yes, sir. Indians. Pirates. Soldiers. Spies. Jackson Whites, who still weave their baskets and duck back into the dark woods when visitors approach. Surveyors. Workers, Fugitives. All kinds of men."

He filled his pipe from my pouch, but he didn't see the matches I held out to him. He pulled something out of the pocket of his funny old coat, made a spark with it, and set the tobacco afire. Flint and steel, I thought; but I wasn't sure.

"Bad accident," he said—"that powder mill today."

I told him all about it; and once I got talking, I couldn't seem to stop. I told him all about myself, about my people, about my job. And he listened placidly, blowing smoke up to the hazy stars.

"You say your name's Charley Litomy; it couldn't be Litomiski, could it?" he asked.

"That was my grandfather's name; but we had it changed. You get tired having everybody call you a Polack. You get tired spelling your name for everybody. You get awful tired feeling like a foreigner when you're just as good an American as anybody else. So I'm Litomy now—not Litomiski."

"Litomiski," said the old man. And the way he said it, it made music—martial music; like the high proud glory of a bugle.

"There was a Litomiski in these hills once," he said. "He came with Pulaski. Polish noblemen. Fugitives. Soldiers. The King of Poland had killed Pulaski's father. And young Pulaski and his friend kidnaped the king. Yes, sir. They took him out of a carriage in the middle of the city of Warsaw and fled with him."

"Did they kill him?" I asked.

"Nope. Don't know as they wanted to. I suppose they just wanted to show that it was bad business, even for a king, to take the life of a Polish noble. They let him go. They went to Turkey, and then to France, where they met Benjamin Franklin. And they came to America in a sailboat. They served with Washington, you know."

"No, I didn't know," I said.

"They spent months at Morristown, here in New Jersey, building log huts against the winter, and Pulaski—he was a count as well as a general, in case you're interested—exercised a regiment of cavalry near that town. What a horseman he was!

"He would gallop like thunder across the meadow, fire his pistol, throw it in the air ahead of him and catch it by the barrel as it fell, then hurl it away, to pick it daintily off the ground, his horse still galloping fast. You must have heard of him and his banner."

"His banner?"

"A crimson flag. The Moravian nuns of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, made it and presented it to him. A red silk flag that went all through the South with the rebel cavalry."

"You mean in the Civil War?" I asked.

"I mean in the War of the Revolution. Pulaski was an American general, as I said, and—"

"You said he was a Pole," I couldn't help reminding him.

"He was both," the old man said. "What are Americans? They are English, Germans, Irish, Scotch, French, Poles, Spaniards—men of all races, all creeds, all colors—united in a common cause, a common love, a common devotion.

"Pulaski gave his life to this country. Doesn't that make him an American? Doesn't that make him as dear to America as, say, your Unknown Soldier?"

"Where did he die?" I asked. "Around here?"

"He died in battle, near Savannah, Georgia. The British had sneaked into the town in a deep fog. French men-of-war were throwing shells into them. The American troops were ordered to charge. They advanced right up to the British breastworks, and died under the invaders' bayonets.

"Pulaski, with two hundred and eighty horsemen, came wading across a mile of rice fields on the left flank. The fog rolled off across the fields—like it might have been peeled off by the hand of God. And Pulaski saw the massacre. He held that red flag high and waved it in command. And there was his big black horse flying to the charge, leading the charge."

"And he died there, at the head of his troops, rescuing American foot soldiers?"

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READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Hands across the border! Here is a revealing report of two nations' bad news for Hitler.

BY FRAZIER HUNT

Canada takes

☆ CANADA takes to the air as a duck takes to water. For some unexplainable reason Canada's youth are the superior natural flyers of the world. I include in this high rating only one other group—fighter and bomber pilots from the United States. They are largely off the same piece. Each has that little extra something that it takes: a trifle finer co-ordination; a bit broader, braver outlook; a little keener eye; a little extra imagination that assuredly comes from the New Freedoms of North America.

Canada proved all this in the last war—and she will again in this war. Then, the bag of enemy planes of her top four flyers was 230 as against 214 for the top four Frenchmen and 192 for the top four Englishmen.

And now once again Canada is telescoping time in her air effort—in her superb part in the British Commonwealth Air-Training Plan. She is proving that she can furnish five times her share of fighters to clean up the air over Britain and the world.

At the close of the last war some 40 per cent of the entire Royal Air Force were in Canadian uniforms. Of these, somewhere between 10 and 20 per cent were volunteers from the United States.

The same figures roughly hold good today. Somewhere around 50 per cent of all the instructors in Canada's sixty-odd air-training plants are Americans, and about 10 per cent of all cadets come from "below the border."

And this is an item of extreme importance. As I write these words, London and many parts of England are being heavily bombed. Westminster Abbey's sacred walls are damaged. But Germany, too, is feeling the terror of real bombing—and Britain's retaliatory measures are just started. And the bombing planes and the trained flyers are only beginning to roll in real numbers from this side of the Atlantic—the planes from American factories, the pilots, navigators, observers, and gunners from Canadian training fields.

It is a hard combination to beat—American ships and Canadian pilots!

To do double and triple her part in the air, Canada took the lead in working out the details of the vast British Commonwealth Air-Training Plan, which came into being in Ottawa in December, 1939. It calls for 83 training schools, 100 airdromes, and 1,860 buildings, scattered from one end of Canada to the other. Today it is eight months ahead of its building schedule, and it will be in full and complete operation by fall.

Oddly enough, I learned first of the vastness and real importance of this Air-Training Plan from Anthony Eden in London almost a year ago. He was then Dominions Secretary, and with utmost pride he told me how this plan, centering in Canada, would eventually turn out 50,000 trained flying men every year: "a thousand a week" were the exact words he used.

I am inclined to think this estimate was a bit optimistic, and that an ultimate figure of around 30,000 pilots, air observers, and wireless operators and gunners a year would come nearer the correct mark. At this moment the air schools in Canada are graduating a total of about 1,500 flying men each month. This means approximately 18,000 a year—as a starter. Within six months it will be close to 30,000 a year, and that's big-time stuff in any country and in any war.

It is a huge and complicated plan, with its seventeen great recruiting centers, its four "manning depots"—or outfitting and schooling centers—and its three branches of formal air training. The course for pilots takes twenty-two weeks; for air observers, navigators, and air photographers, twenty-seven weeks; for wireless operators and air gunners, twenty-four weeks. The top quarters of the various classes are made officers at graduation, and the rest become sergeants with every chance of being made officers later.

From all over the States eager young men hitchhike, or pay their way, to the Canadian recruiting centers and enlist for air service. At No. 2 Service School, not far from the Capitol at Ottawa, I talked to a young American boy who was walking guard at the gate. He told me that out of forty-five recruits getting their training here as members of the field's Security Guard, thirty-seven were Americans. "We call the Canadians 'you damn foreigners,' " he said with a broad grin.

At this advanced school, Flight Lieutenant Robert Macks of New York and Colorado, administrative officer of the unit, explained to me that seven of the school's forty officers were Americans, and twenty-two out of the 168 student pilots. Macks had been an American flyer in the last war, and on account of his age he'd had to do a good deal of hard talking to get into the Royal Canadian Air Force. But they'd finally made him a flight lieutenant and an administrative officer.

Over in the student barracks I bumped into an upstanding smiling young fellow named Frank Galliher, from two Oklahoma towns, Tulsa and Claremore. Frank didn't look it, but at thirty-two he was a trifle too old for the rigid United States entrance

qualifications, so he'd headed north and muscled his way into the Royal Canadian Air Force.

I couldn't help but feel a little sorry for "Tiny" at this same school. Tiny was only a ground officer, when he'd have given his right arm for a shiny set of Wings. The only trouble was, he was too tall. These training ships haven't room enough for a New Yorker who's six feet six. Tiny was so ashamed of his disgraceful height that he didn't want me to use his name. But he's in the Royal Canadian Air Force just the same.

In a bomber and gunnery school at Jarvis, Ontario, out of sixty staff pilots and instructors, thirty-five came from the States—and of these twenty-seven hailed from California. So they ribbed their Canadian pals by calling it the "Royal California Air Force."

I met them all over eastern Canada—these American boys who couldn't wait. Pacing on guard duty between the Trans-Canada airfield and the training school outside Montreal, a likely-looking lad brought his gun to attention, and asked me if I didn't happen to be from Texas. I said I wasn't, and asked him if he was. He grinned and nodded. "Yes, suh!" When he said his name was Billy Mitchell, I told him he had a right smart air tradition to carry out with that name. Then I asked him where he was from.

"Sweetwater, Texas, suh," he answered. "There's five of us from Sweetwater came up here in one bunch. Hitchhiked. That makes eight of us Sweetwater boys in the Canadian Air Corps."

"How big is Sweetwater?"

"'Bout fifteen thousand, suh," he proudly answered.

Every one in Canada is proud of these American boys who come north to enlist in either the air force or the army. There are literally thousands of them altogether. In the air training alone there are 500 professional instructors and special staff pilots, and some 1,500 Americans either have graduated or are in training.

But—make no mistake about it—this whole British Commonwealth Air-Training Plan is Canada's own baby. Eighty per cent of all "air crew" pupils are either Canadian or American, with somewhere around 10 per cent American. The remaining 20 per cent are Australians and New Zealanders, with a few Englishmen.

Even with her magnificent R. A. F. record in the First World War, Canada had no air force of her own until 1924, when a tight little organization was born. In the years of the depression, from '30 to '35, even this was whittled down to the bare bone. With '36 it started to build up, and on the day this war was declared the Royal Canadian Air Force numbered 4,450 officers and men and some 200 planes. Then in December, 1939, the great Air-Training Plan came into being.

The Royal Canadian Air Force made incredible strides, and soon three all-Canadian squadrons were fighting in England. Today the R. C. A. F. has 55,000 men in uniform, with 5,000 officers and 12,000 civilian employees.

And this is but a starter. As I've said, Canada will eventually furnish from two to five times her normal quota of fighting airmen. For some reason her most dramatic and important war efforts this time will be in the air and on the sea. (I'll make it right with the army people in a minute.)

When Anthony Eden unfolded much of this to me in London, I could not figure out how the handicap of Canada's deep snows and long winters could possibly be overcome in her Air-Training Plan. The other day the commander of one of her air schools told me how. "It's very simple," he said. "The first heavy snows on the runways are packed and practically turned into ice by great motor-drawn rollers. As more snow comes, it is blown off the runways by giant blowers. This gives us perfect landing and taking-off runways. It's clear blue skies we want. You see, as soon as you get up very far in the air, you get zero weather anyway."

Apparently nothing interferes with this magnificent effort of Canada's to contribute so greatly to ultimate mastery of the air. Canadian flyers and American ships! There's a combination to put your money on!

I said I'd square myself with the army for apparently relegating it to a slightly lower position than that of the sky and sea fighters in Canada's mighty war effort. But there was a time when I didn't think I'd ever bother to do that.

That was when I roared across a bit of rough land in one of the tank brigade's six-ton British-made training tanks, at the edge of the great military reservation at Camp Borden, some fifty miles or so north of Toronto. That ride in that little six-tonner was the roughest, toughest, backbreakingest jaunt I've ever had to smile through! When we got well started, and I was bumping around, the lieutenant ("leftenant" is the way they pronounce it up north) consoled me with the fact that the tank driver was green and that this was his first time out. When the lieutenant would shout "Slow up!" the driver would give her the gun—and we'd take to the air. I never did figure out whether or not it was all just good clean fun, to show an old war correspondent who had done almost every other kind of rough-riding that he'd never been nowhere or seen nothin' until he came to Camp Borden. Anyway, I was convinced that any soldier who lasts through tank training in Canada is all man. And these boys are.

But what I really enjoyed was a remarkable "electric-eye" gun that fires exactly like a machine gun in the tank turret. The tank brute that I rode in charged Major General Sanson and Brigadier General McCreary, and Beverley Owen, editor of Canadian Liberty, and myself, and completely shot us full of holes. We knew we were finished off when we caught the flashes of this gun popping at us from a thousand yards away. For the gun—a Canadian-developed device—is squarely on its target when you, the target, catch its deadly flashes.

Later, at the Tank Training School, I saw all sorts of thrilling training schemes. Canada, while waiting for her tanks, "universal carriers," and weapons, which are being manufactured for her both in Canada and the United States, is training her volunteers with several hundred old-fashioned American turreted tanks and a few British models. By the time the new guns and the vehicles are ready, the men will be, and a full armored division and a tank brigade will come into being.

There has been some fairly bitter criticism *within* Canada over what certain eager citizens believe to be tardiness on the part of the government in pushing through total army conscription. But, as I explained in a previous article, Prime Minister Mackenzie King has felt that attaining full unity with the French-Canadian millions was worth almost any price. Step by step, the government obviously moves toward the goal of total and peaceful conscription. From a start of compulsory registration, the first step was one month's army training for all young men of twenty-one. The next step was to increase this training period to four months, and then to give the men the status of reserves in the Home Defense. Another step was taken a few weeks ago that clearly points to complete and unqualified conscription, with the twenty-one-year-old trainees remaining in active service in Home Defense units. So far, only volunteers can be put in the regular air, sea, and army units and sent overseas. But it is apparent that this will be changed.

As a matter of fact, instead of the

(*Continued on page 39*)

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Footsteps Behind Her

A strange cry for help—New thrills in a tale like a nightmare come true

☆ ON an eastbound bus from Hickok, Nevada, Jo Lang, a music teacher dismissed from her job because of unpleasant publicity involving a student to whom she gave a cigarette, meets Dick Stowe. Dick is an aviation engineer on his way to the New York office of his firm, the Corbus Company. Unknown to himself, he is carrying in his bag a seemingly blank empty envelope on which an important design for a plane part has been drawn in invisible ink. His company believes this to be the best way to get the design to New York without its being stolen.

Jo picks up the envelope when it drops from Dick's bag and writes his address on the flap before she leaves the bus at St. Paul. It is in her handbag when she arrives by plane in New York and goes to the bus terminal to meet Dick. To her surprise, he does not get off the bus, but an old couple with whom she and Dick had become friendly do. She starts toward them, but they look through her. Then she notices that the old man is carrying Dick's bag! She follows him and sees him pass the bag to a woman who rides off in a taxi.

All that day Jo has the feeling she is being followed. That night she plays the piano at a wedding with a trio organized by a woman in her boardinghouse. She is given a doped drink by a bald man who then offers to take her home, and she knows no more until morning, when she wakes to find her room has been searched.

Dick has at last arrived at his office, and when Jo reaches him he tells her that the old couple of the bus drugged him and stole his bag to get the envelope. The police are now out looking for Jo. If she will just give him the envelope, he will explain the whole affair to his superiors.

But Jo hasn't the envelope—only the flap which she tore off when she gave the rest to the bridegroom the night before when he wanted to make a note!

Finally they track down the bridegroom in a cheap hotel off Broadway. He is alone in his room, dead, with a knife in his body—and there is no trace of the envelope anywhere.

Fearing that they will be suspected of the murder, Dick goes to tell his chief the whole story. Jo is to wait in her room until he comes to her. But, just as she is leaving the hotel, she sees the bald man who drugged her and the woman who had Dick's suitcase. She follows them, believing they don't know it—until the man tries to chloroform her while she is in a telephone booth in a drugstore. Then she realizes that all the time they have been following *her!* She cannot make the manager of the store believe her story of the chloroform. Finally she leaves and walks along Broadway. Wherever she goes, the two follow, looking and acting like an innocent suburban couple. She cannot dodge them.

PART SIX—A FRIGHTENED VOICE GOES ON THE AIR

☆ AS Jo continued her maddeningly slow flight up Broadway, she realized that the two people behind her were tied to her by invisible

BY MITCHELL WILSON

Jo twisted in her seat to see if the woman might be in the store behind her.

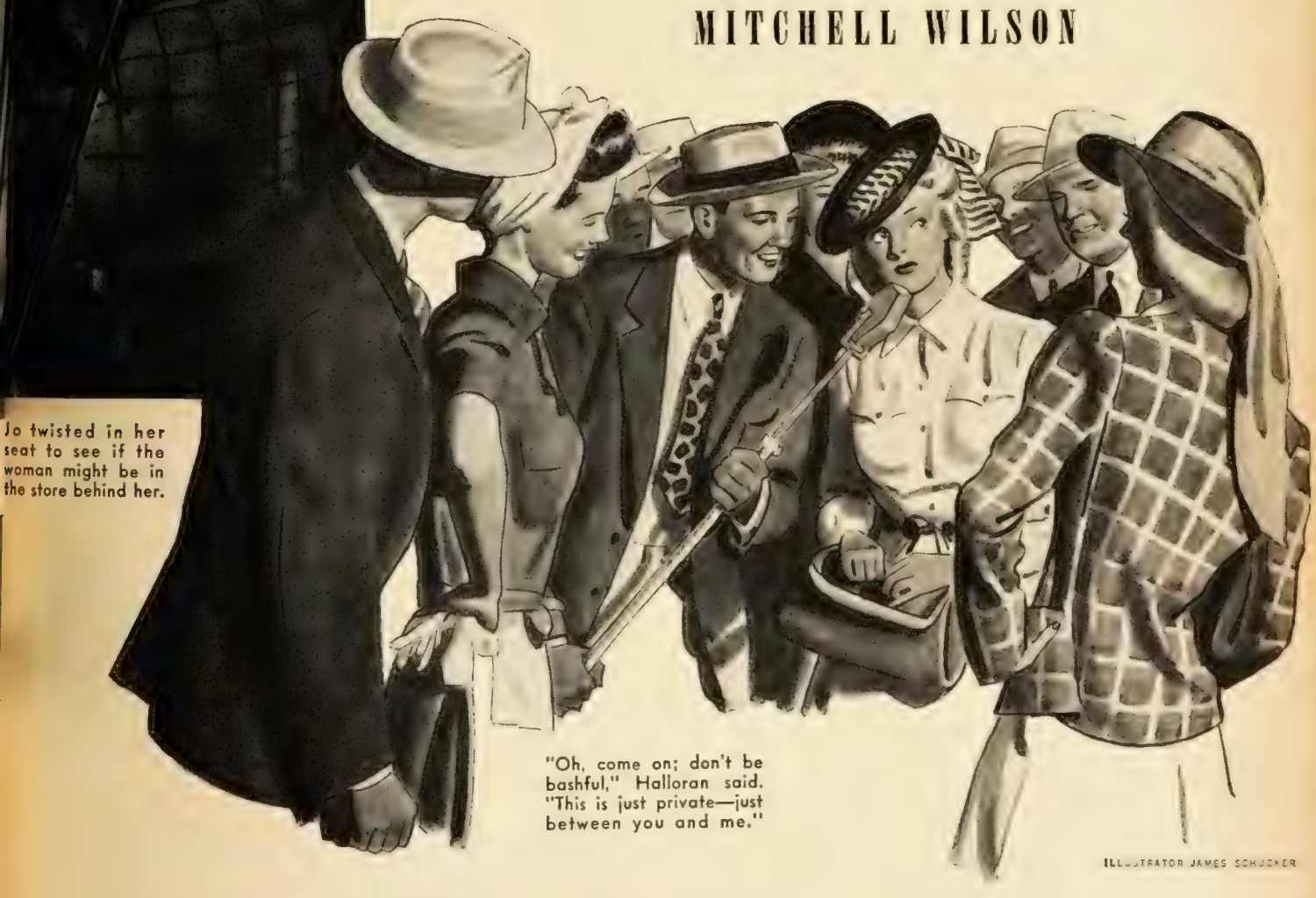
as if they were the resting fingers of a blind man whom she was leading.

Jo kept looking from side to side, hoping to see some avenue of escape: a door, perhaps, which would remain open just long enough for her to dash inside and then slam shut on her two pursuers. But all the stores and shops which she passed seemed like blind alleys. There were no hiding places that stood waiting for her. The only hope for escape was to lose herself in a crowd of people; and there was small hope in that. She was escaping through a jungle where the trees and vines moved along with her. No matter how fast she ran, she would always be in the same place.

At each street crossing, as she stood waiting for the light, crowds of pedestrians would bunch around her, standing patiently to talk or glance at a newspaper. It was a moment of respite for them, but to Jo it meant that the few feet of headway she had made was lost, because now the two people were only a few feet away. A quick nervous glance over her shoulder would always find them, always closer than she had anticipated. And each time that she looked back she found them staring at her. When their glances met, Jo would feel a helpless fascination steal over her. Their eyes held hers with cold dispassionateness. Their patience and stolidity had the quality of a machine which was operating on a time schedule.

The policeman's whistle would blow, and Jo would be jolted out of her torpor by the pressure of the people about her. Then she would turn and let the stream carry her across the street. The chase would lengthen out, and once again the two people would drop behind, perhaps half a block. But Jo knew that she had no lead over them; she was merely walking in front.

At one corner, as she stood on the curb with the endless belt of cars moving past, the opportunity she had been waiting for presented itself. There were no people in front of her, and if she hurried she might be able to slip through the narrow spaces between the bumpers. They went by



"Oh, come on; don't be bashful," Halloran said. "This is just private—just between you and me."

ILLUSTRATOR JAMES SCHUCKER

strings which they alone controlled. It was impossible to lose them, and any time they would find it convenient they could overtake her in a few seconds. But for the present they were content to give her some play, the illusion of limited freedom, the way a fisherman allows his catch to exhaust itself on the line.

She continued on up the street, as conscious of their eyes on her back

her, small avenues scarcely a foot wide, beckoning her to take the chance.

There was an appreciable break between a truck and a cab. She could see it coming, and poised herself to take the opportunity. She didn't look around, fearing that in some manner the gesture would give her away. As soon as the taxi bumper had gone, she stepped forward.

The huge truck came lumbering along, closing the gap at a faster rate than Jo had counted on. She forced herself to hurry to the middle of the street, where she was marooned. The two streams of traffic were congealed on either side of her, and she paused there, halfway between the two sidewalks, both crowded with people.

A policeman waved at her furiously.

"There are easier ways to commit suicide," he roared. "Why do it the messy way?"

She ignored him as she stood waiting for another opening to make the last half of the crossing. The policeman continued his sarcastic chatter, but Jo hardly heard him. Her chance came and she took it.

She raced across the fifteen feet until she came up against the curb. But all she could do was to find a bare footing on the very edge, since it was just as crowded as the corner she had just left. She tried to push her way through, but it was impossible. She was held there, trapped by the impassive bodies, until the light changed. The crowd pushed her back into the street and held her there until the two throngs met and mixed. The same people Jo had left on the first corner now caught up with her and she went on exactly as before. All her attempts at haste had been futile.

☆ SHE walked along, aware of a pattern of color, sounds, and odors on which her sluggish flight was the master theme. There was the infinite variety of shades of reds, browns, and blues of clothing and signs, all against the gray background of the concrete sidewalk.

There were the momentary vapors from second-story Chinese restaurants, and the spicy steaming cloud which came from cafeterias, blown through the revolving doors in a film of the sound of voices and clatter of dishes. There was the peculiar odor of theater lobbies, cold and somewhat stale.

She could hear the distinct sounds of traffic—of motors, of changing gears, trolleys, the growling subways beneath, and the chant from music shops, starting suddenly out of loudspeakers to die a few feet beyond.

They were flashing impressions, as exotic and varied as those in a jungle through which a man runs, pursued by an enemy. He goes from tree to tree, evaluating each trunk, each vine, each rock as a possible hiding place, but he is too pressed to stop. His pursuer is too close behind. He stumbles on with only the vague memory of places which might do if only there were time to stop.

Now Jo found herself caught up against another crowd. Their backs made a tight wall around a purring voice. Its accents were familiar.

". . . C'mon, dear, what does he look like? Would you call him the rugged type, just cute, or what?"

A girl giggled, and then her voice came out, loud and strident against her shyness:

"Oh, gee, Mr. Halloran . . . I don't know. . . . He's . . . oh . . ."

The words melted into giggling again. The backs in front of Jo shook with laughter, and the girl's voice went on:

". . . No kidding . . . I'd say George was the manly type." The girl's voice became serious now, and groping for dignity. "He's the average type, not handsome, you know. But really, Mr. Halloran, that doesn't matter, after you get to know him. He's no Robert Taylor . . . he's just . . . all right."

Her embarrassment dissolved her, and broke her voice into giggles once more. The people watching her took it up and relaxed into laughter again. They stood apart a bit to exchange their amusement, catching a new spasm to pass it on to the next.

☆ IN that moment Jo walked between them. There must have been about thirty-five people standing around Teddy Halloran and his microphone. Parked at the curb was a smart-looking little delivery truck with the name of the radio station painted on the side panels. The wires that ran from the transmitter in the car to the sidewalk announcer came from overhead on a boom, so that it wouldn't be interfered with by pedestrians. An engineer sat on top of the truck on a camp chair, watching the play with bored eyes.

Now that she was inside this shell of backs, Jo found it easier to push her way to the center than to leave.

This was a reassuring place to be. Flight, if it was forced to be slow and at a measured pace, could be a torture. It was better, for the moment, to stand still, surrounded by a circle of people, insulated by impassive bodies from her pursuers. There was nothing they could do to her here in front of all these eyes.

Halloran was pushing the girl away from the microphone.

". . . and that was Katherine Douglas," he was saying, "and this is Teddy Halloran, and the sponsor is the Continental Loan Company. If you're short of cash—and who isn't?—just take down the clock from the mantelpiece, or your wife's flat-iron, and the sponsor makes a new world for you."

His eyes roved over the crowd as he spoke, not only looking for a new person to interview but also to share his impudent grin with every one about him.

"My sponsor," he was saying, "is good to me, and so he'll be good to you."

His gaze battened down on Jo—steady and determined, fixing her as though on a skewer. She tried to draw back, but the crowd was solid. It would be just as hard to get out as it had been to get in. And there could be no withdrawal. The two people were close behind her, a foot away at the most.

Their presence was woven about her like a web. The mere fact that they were standing so close to her, waiting their frightful turn so patiently and impassively, made Jo feel as though she stood with her back to a precipice, and at every step forward she took another foot of the ledge crumbled away, so that the yawning bottomless gap moved along with her at her own speed of flight.

The only way she could hope to avoid Halloran was to try to look elsewhere, escaping that pushing stare of his. It was an impotent gesture. His glib, cooing voice, full of quiet mockery, reached out to her as though it were a hand under her chin turning her head back to him.

"And now for the surprise I promised you before," he said. "Miss Jo Lang . . . remember her?" His mouth smiled at Jo while his eyes impaled her in place. "Remember reading in your newspapers a few weeks ago about that little schoolteacher out West who got in a jam with her Board of Education because of one of her pupils? Well, she's here now, and she's prettier than her picture. I can understand that boy falling for her, but I don't see how the Board of Education could give a girl like that the brush-off."

He waited for the laugh to run around the circle, then turned again to Jo.

"How long have you been in New York, Miss Lang?"

He put his hand on her arm and drew her over to the microphone. Jo saw the circle of faces around her. They were inquisitive and their interest had dissolved all polite pretense of unconcern in a stranger's affairs. They were unabashed because they had some one else to ask the questions. They were merely listening to the answers. You couldn't call listening bad taste.

The microphone looked like a black foreshortened bullet poised in space. But it wasn't a single object. Jo knew that it was only a tiny part of a huge complex which included thousands of ears in private homes, private smiles which she would never see.

☆ "REALLY, Mr. Halloran . . ." Jo said. Her voice died.

"Oh, come on; don't be bashful," he said. His voice became confidential, burlesquing the very idea of confidence. "This is just private—just between you and me!" Jo could almost hear the smirking wink in his voice. "I promise not to repeat a word you say. Now, come on, tell me, how long have you been in New York?"

"A little over a day," Jo answered. Her throat was full and tight. It choked up in the middle of the sentence, and she had to stop, cough to clear it, and then start all over again.

The faces about her were smiling, and even the two people had adopted it in their facial camouflage. But their eyes were cold and distant. They weren't even interested in what she was saying.

"Well, Miss Lang, would you say that twenty-four hours is enough for a person to make herself at home in New York?"

He watched her helpless hesitation

(Continued on page 50)

In cigarettes, as in naval patrol planes, it's modern design that makes the big difference!

"*You'll like* Pall Mall's modern design— it filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"

• Modern Design! . . . That's the keynote as national defense moves ahead on land, sea and in the air. For instance, modern design makes the big difference in today's streamlined naval patrol planes—a vital difference when lives are at stake.

Just talk with the men who fly these planes. They'll tell you that in cigarettes, as in naval patrol planes, it's modern design that makes the big difference.

Pall Mall's modern design marks the greatest forward step in smoking pleasure in thirty years. For this streamlined cigarette is deliberately designed to give you a smoother, less irritating smoke. It is a scientific fact that tobacco is its own natural filter. In Pall Mall the smoke is measurably filtered—filtered naturally over a 20% longer route of Pall Mall's traditionally fine tobaccos.

Pall Mall's modern design also means a definitely cooler smoke. The additional length travels the smoke further—gets rid of heat and bite on the way.

Now, at last—thanks to modern design—a truly fine cigarette provides in fact what other cigarettes claim in theory—a smoother, less irritating smoke—Pall Mall.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. "You'll like Pall Mall's Modern Design—it filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

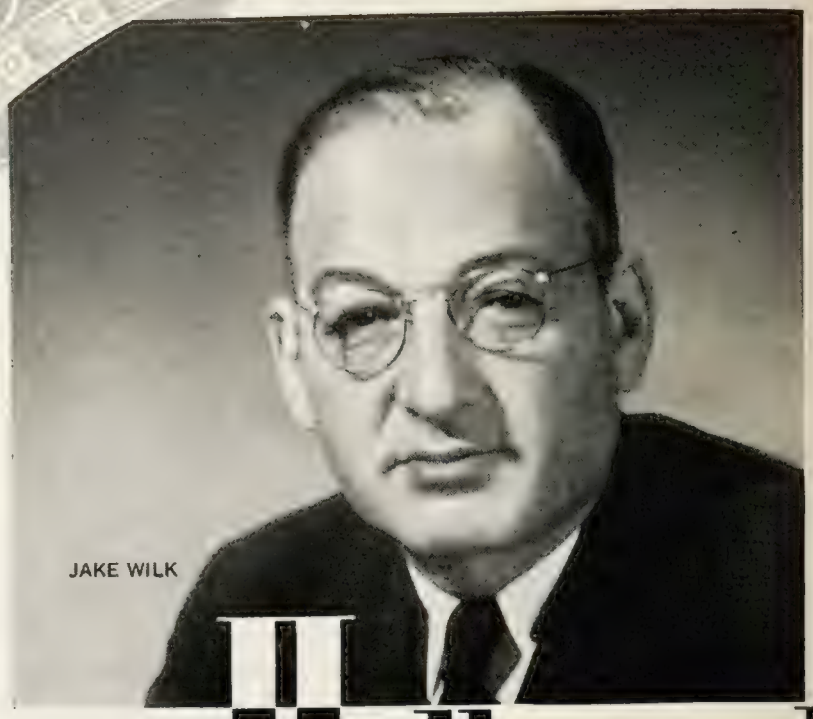
OF TRADITIONALLY FINE TOBACCOS

Copyright 1941 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Prophet, 1941! He knows what you are *going* to want to see!

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



JAKE WILK

Hollywood's

☆ HATE, greed, lust, and murder have taken over a great part of the eastern half of the world. The shadow of the Antichrist is spreading. But here in America there is a resurgence of religious feeling, of spirituality, of sacrifice, a nobility of character ready to battle with the forces of evil.

And so you can easily foretell what will be the next trend in motion pictures. Or can you?

War? No. American defense? No. Propaganda? Not at all.

The next trend, from all indications, will be in the field of the spiritual drama—the saga of a great religious leader or a supreme humanitarian.

That's not my prediction. It's Jake Wilk's.

"We have eliminated the gangster and the racketeer," he says. "Little Caesar was a drawing card in his day, but he was a piker compared to the little Caesar who is now trying to conquer the world.

"All our social problems seem of minor consequence now. And we are too close to the events of today to picture them adequately. Besides, they move too fast for the camera. They move too fast even for the public.

"So we will have stories of great human sacrifice. We are doing one right now, One Foot in Heaven, by Hartzell Spence, the story of a Methodist minister, a practical Nebraska parson.

"Oh, eventually we'll make fine films of the heroic resistance of the British and the Greeks and perhaps the Finns. Such epics as the battle of Thermopylae and the courageous retreat from Dunkirk must not be lost to the films. But first we will have stories with strong spiritual, heartening, ennobling messages."

Jake Wilk—not even his most formal friends call him Jacob—isn't just an idle dreamer doping out the future. He makes a nice living for himself—and for not a few authors—by knowing what the public will want in the way of film fare tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.

Wilk is the Tomorrow Man of the Warner Brothers studios. Sitting at a plain old desk in an office building in New York, he buys almost all the stories purchased by Warner Brothers for Hollywood production.

The Warners make about forty-eight pictures a year and spend something like $30,000,000 in the business. Anywhere from 5 to 10 per cent of this sum is spent in the purchase of stories or plays.

Yes, Jake lets a million and a half dollars or more—maybe three million—slip through his fingers into the pockets of playwrights, novelists, and short-story writers. But he's no Santa Claus. He buys only such goods as he knows can be used. He plays no favorites—and he lays no eggs.

This distribution of funds is only one of his many jobs. He is the guiding spirit of the studios' stage-production department—for the brothers Warner frequently participate in the presentation of legitimate plays and musicals. Wilk supervises these activities. He also supervises the Warner adventures in radio and in television. When he has nothing else to do, he reads magazines, books, or newspapers, or goes to see some play in rehearsal or in a tryout "in the sticks."

Oddly enough, the man who has to know Broadway thoroughly for the benefit of Hollywood is seldom seen either on Broadway or in Hollywood.

Time was when he wandered casually about the world—Hollywood, Chicago, Keokuk, Iowa, Skowhegan, Maine, London, Paris, Budapest, Vienna—wherever there was a new show to see and, perhaps, buy. Now, with all artistic and creative endeavors centered in this country due to the war, Wilk lets the wires work for him.

"I make it my business to stay away from the New York theater," he says. "I see plays before they come into New York. At a Broadway première the theater is jammed with people who come to be seen, not to see or hear or criticize. They are the show. It would be impossible to form an honest opinion of any production under such conditions.

"Frequently Broadway producers bring their plays to my office, even before a cast has been selected, to find out if it has any screen value."

If Wilk says "No," the play may never be produced.

Wilk doesn't always get what he goes after. But then, who does? For instance, he wanted to buy Life with Father for the movies. When the play opened, at the Lakewood Theater in Skowhegan, Wilk was in the audience. After the first-act curtain he went out to the lobby and found

Russel Crouse, one of the authors, looking despondent and ashamed.

"You've got a great success," he said. "It's sure-fire."

Crouse shook his head pessimistically. "Wait until you see the two other acts," he moaned.

Wilk waited, and then asked Crouse, "What about the screen rights?"

He didn't get Life with Father, but he did get the rights to Arsenic and Old Lace, the latest success of Mr. Crouse and his partner Howard Lindsay.

Perhaps there were too many others who wanted Life with Father.

"Never make the mistake of trying to get something when others are fighting for it," is one of Wilk's mottoes. "The price will be out of all reason. Always wait two weeks or so, let the bidding simmer, and pick the right moment to cut in."

Wilk played a vital part in the Warner-sponsored footlight productions of such hits as Boy Meets Girl, Brother Rat, Three Men on a Horse, and Too Many Girls. He also had quite a little to do with The Male Animal, Jupiter Laughs, and other plays.

He isn't at all the boulevardier, the bon vivant, the man about midtown you might expect. He lives in the suburban town of Scarsdale in Westchester County. And when he isn't traveling to some tryout spot, or coming back, he catches the eight-forty-three into Grand Central depot every weekday morning. In the portfolio he always carries there are manuscripts. Some he has read during the night. Some he reads on the train.

He reaches his office at nine-thirty. He works all day. He works hard. He takes time out for a bite now and then; but never stays long at luncheon, unless he is entertaining an author.

Here is a typical day:

Arrives at office at nine-thirty sharp, and reads mail for half an hour. From ten to eleven, in conference with the chief of theater operations. From eleven to twelve, conference with the studio attorney on story-contract negotiations. Noon, long-distance talk with an author. Twelve-thirty, luncheon with Cornelia Otis Skinner. Two hours. Discussing radio and screen plans. From two-thirty to three-thirty reads letters, answers phone, calls up Raymond Massey and Robert E. Sherwood. Three-thirty to four, conference with a playwright. Four to six-fifteen, sits in at the reading of a new play being produced by Brock Pemberton. Six-thirty, calls home to say he's staying in New York for the evening. Reads wires from California. Answers them. Seven o'clock, dinner with an actor, an author, and a critic. Eight-forty, attends dress rehearsal of a new play. One-thirty A. M., home. Sets alarm clock. Goes to bed.

When he takes a rest, he goes where nobody will find him—especially those who write or produce, or their agents.

Jake Wilk is one of seven children. His father came to this country from East Prussia. His mother was born in Lithuania. When he was twelve years old, in 1898, he started to work in his father's store, a "men's furnishing emporium," in Minneapolis. Later his family moved to Eveleth, Minnesota, in the heart of the iron country. In the Minneapolis store he learned the principles of merchandising which he still uses, acting as the merchandiser between the author and the public.

He opened up the store at seven o'clock in the morning, waited on trade until the clerks arrived, then went to school. After school he returned to help in the store. Later he got himself a night job. That is, he ushered at a Minneapolis theater on Monday and Thursday nights. He didn't get any money, but he saw all the shows and met all the visiting stars.

He studied audience reactions even then. He studied not only in the theater but also in his father's store, for he regarded the customers—flour-mill hands, miners, immigrants—shambling, sheep-coated, inarticulate, easily pleased and easily angered men—as the audience of the sales force.

Wilk had no social life such as most youngsters know. He never attended a dance until he went to the University of Minnesota. He never belonged to a club until he landed the job of student manager of the university's dramatic club. Wilk managed to take the club out of the red and into the black, and found time to act in some of the college plays, to sell advertising for the weekly, and to write pieces for the Duluth Herald.

After his graduation he became the Eveleth local correspondent for the Herald and treasurer of the local opera house. In 1907 he went back to Minneapolis as assistant dramatic editor of the Minneapolis Tribune and publicity man for the Metropolitan Opera House. He managed to get half a dozen other odd jobs.

Through Gustav Frohman, brother of Charles and Daniel Frohman, Wilk was offered a job in New York. He came to the big town with $110 in his pocket; and then learned that it would be two months or more before he could begin working for the Frohmans. He didn't wait. He got a job as publicity man for Louis Mann, then starring in The Man Who Stood Still. Later he became advance man for such William A. Brady stars as Ernest Glendinning, James K. Hackett, Grace George, Marguerite Clark, and Madge Kennedy. He landed in the movies when Brady took over the old World Film organization in 1914. He's been a fixture in it ever since.

In the summer of 1909 Jake was working as manager of a stock company in Duluth, as a newspaperman, and in various other capacities. Harry, one of his four brothers, came to see him; but Jake had no time to entertain him.

"You are working too hard," Harry said. "Why don't you get a little fun out of life? Suppose you come with me tonight. I've met the swellest girl in Minnesota. We'll all go some place and have some fun."

Reluctantly Jake agreed. But when he saw the girl, Eve Zalk, he turned to his brother and, without preamble, announced: "I like this girl. If you have any ideas about her, forget them."

Eve liked Jake, but her family were violently opposed to the theater and they looked on the young newspaperman and theatrical manager as one headed for perdition. But Jake settled that in his own way.

While he was traveling with Richard Bennett in Damaged Goods, he decided to marry the girl. The company was making a jump from Chicago to California, and Jake took advantage of that fact. In those days a theatrical company had to buy twenty-five railroad tickets in order to get a baggage car for its scenery. Wilk got one of those extra tickets, hurried to Duluth, proposed, was accepted, and took his bride on a honeymoon to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilk have two daughters, one of whom is married, and a son, Max, now a senior at Yale. Max believes there is a better future in radio than there is in the movies or the stage. He has had four radio playlets accepted, but will not condescend to write for the screen or the legitimate theater.

"I'm not worried about radio getting him," Wilk says. "Uncle Sam will get him before radio does."

Wilk isn't given to worrying much about anything. He hasn't time. He's much too busy finding out what the public is going to want next week, next month, next year, and getting it for them before they know they want it, so it will be ready for them when they are ready for it.

A man engrossed in tomorrow can't worry a lot about today.

THE END

Tomorrow Man

Paradise Lost

BY KEITH AYLING

Liberty's True Short Short

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ IN the year 1628 John Milton, the great English poet, was a student at the ancient University of Cambridge. One summer afternoon he sat down under an oak tree on the grassy banks of the river Cam and fell asleep. Presently there drew up a smart brougham out of which stepped two young ladies dressed in the height of fashion. One of them stopped short on seeing the sleeping young man.

"Look! How beautiful he is!" she exclaimed to her cousin. "He is truly Apollo come back to life."

"Fie on you," retorted the other. "You should not talk like that. 'Tis most improper—and what would you do if he were to hear you? He is probably a very vulgar person."

"Nay," answered the other. "One so fair could not be vulgar, and I would he could know my thoughts, but I am afraid to wake him."

"Come away, cousin, I beg you," pleaded the other. "I should swoon if any one were to see us gaping at a man. If he wakes and finds us watching him he will be angry—and abuse us."

"Never," assured the other. "Yet his smile would be a scourge to my poor heart. How sweet he dreams! I warrant he makes poetry to match the song of the thrush—sweet youth."

From her petticoats then she took a piece of parchment from which she had been learning her lessons, and she began to write.

"What are you doing, madcap?" queried the other. "How can you be so wanton?"

But her cousin went on writing.

Presently Milton woke up, to find himself surrounded by fellow students. "See, he pretends to sleep," one cried, "and all the time he has been cosseting two bonny wenches!"

Milton sat up and stared bewildered at something in his hand. It was the message the girl had written. It was in Italian. Wonderingly he read it aloud: "'*Occhi stella mortali. Ministri de' miei mali. Se chiuse me uccedito. Apperti che farete.*'"

"Ho-ho," laughed one of the students, "a scholarly wench indeed! Hear what she writes: 'Beautiful eyes—mortal stars, authors of my misfortune. If you wound me being closed, what would ye not do if open?' 'Tis by the Italian poet Guarini."

Later that evening Milton copied the message on the flyleaf of his Bible. After it he wrote: "I will find her."

Every day while he remained at the university, he devoted his spare time to searching for the girl. He never found a trace of her. Later he continued the search in London, without success; then he went to Paris; then to Italy. It was in Florence that he sadly wrote after the verses she had written: "'Tis Paradise lost."

Although Milton relinquished his search, he never forgot the unknown girl, and she became the inspiration that prompted him to write the immortal Paradise Lost. In later life, blind and shut away from the world, he continued to transmute his divine passion into words.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

• For the best Wine and Soda, start with a generous half glass of your favorite California wine, white or red . . . add ice cubes . . . fill with sparkling water. More wine recipes *free* at the store where you buy your wine. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

Make your tall drinks with WINE

A New Broadway is Born

In Rockefeller Center the pilgrim may see the illumination, the happy crowds.

A lively chart of a changed Manhattan

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ FROM far and wide at this time of the year trains, buses, and Fords unload upon New York their cargoes of thousands upon thousands of vacationing pilgrims, and the first nocturnal thing about 99 per cent of them do is to hotfoot it right over to Broadway for a look-see. And, having had it, about 80 of the 99 per cent are pretty grimly disappointed—and for a good and understandable reason.

The idea of Broadway that these pilgrims bring with them is culled from a variety of sources, most of which picture it with even less approximation to the truth than the lithograph at the top of the average hotel stationery. The popular fiction which they devour leads them to imagine that what they will behold is an aesthetically illuminated boulevard filled with people in elaborate evening dress descending elegantly from expensive cars and sweeping agog with anticipation into countless wonderful theaters. The movies, save for an occasional Class B gangster film, periodically augment the rare vision with scenes displaying ravishing blondes playing footie with dashing cavaliers in gala restaurants and night clubs, with no taxicab without its pair of ecstatic lovers, and with Times Square crowded far into even every weekday night with merrymakers.

Nor are the syndicated columnists, that theoretically cynical crew, in their way less contributive to the illusion. The picture the far-flung reader derives from them is of a thoroughfare on which one can't walk three feet without overhearing such witty repartee as hasn't been heard in the world since Congreve last got tight with Wycherley. Daily from early morning until late after midnight, the reader is given to suspect, George S. Kaufman, Moss Hart, Dorothy Parker, Oscar Levant, Alexander Woollcott, Franklin P. Adams, and oodles of their cronies do nothing but hang around the Broadway corners discharging hilarious wisecracks.

The columnists in person also intrude into the exciting picture. Walter Winchell, the reader gains, may be seen in the flesh nightly conferring with important G-men and impatiently shooing away from his café tables all of the beautiful chorus girls around town. Ed Sullivan is constantly on the scene escorting a half dozen Wampas babies and all the leading musical show comedians up and down the dazzling street. Dorothy Kilgallen, adorned with eight or ten orchids, will be seen showing the sights to Peggy Hopkins Joyce, adorned with eighteen to twenty, Victor Mature, Brenda Frazier, Sherman Billingsley, and Honeychile Wilder. And Louis Sobol will be found in her wake arm in arm with all the celebrated baseball players, prizefighters, and litterateurs, to say nothing of "21's" illustrious Jack and Charlie.

Then there are the great movie palaces—dozens upon dozens of them, the reader is led to imagine—beside which Buckingham Palace pales into seedy insignificance. In short, Broadway has come to represent to the rural fancy the epitome of exciting glamour, and such a mixture of thrill and wonder, grandeur and wickedness, mystery and acute metropolitanism as one can no longer discover in any great street in any of the world's great capitals.

And what does the pilgrim find?

First, to his dismay, he finds that Broadway on a summer's night—or almost any other night, for that matter—is little more than his own town's little Main Street absurdly elaborated. And even in this elaboration he is disappointed. He has visualized a panorama of tall buildings and his eyes engage but a few such, the great majority of structures being only two, three, or four stories in the air. He has conjured up gay theaters and sees not one single remaining legitimate theater on the entire length of the street. What legitimate theaters there once were have long since been torn down or have been converted into minor movie and cheap burlesque houses. He has pictured many resplendent cinema palaces and is shocked to discover only two, the Paramount and the Capitol, that come anywhere near to even faintly fulfilling his dreams. The other houses—the Strand and Rivoli, for instance—are not perceptibly much more eye-massaging than the movie theaters he has on his own Main Street. What few night clubs there are, he observes, are pictorially

on the shabby side and mostly cheap affairs. And so far as the gay restaurants and cafés go, all he can discern are largely of the bargain sea-food, hamburger, delicatessen, and popular table-d'hôte species.

As for the throng of celebrities, he looks in vain. And as for the luxurious beauties and their handsome escorts, so familiar to him from the movie screen, he can't find them with a dozen pairs of binoculars. Broadway, he sadly concludes, must have moved somewhere else, and he is right. What was once the Broadway he still romanticizes has moved over to the East Side and to the Fifties bordering Fifth Avenue on the west. And the theaters he has pictured have long since moved into the side streets off Broadway, as the movie palaces, like the Radio City Music Hall and Roxy's, have moved over to Sixth and Seventh avenues.

There are only two restaurants on Broadway today that have any approximately real Broadway air about them, one being a popular eating establishment run by Jack Dempsey and the other a large delicatessen that goes by the name of Lindy's. And both are certainly a far cry from the Rector's, Shanley's, Café de Paris, and suchlike of the Broadway of yesterday. Further, what gesture Broadway has made in the direction of the more elaborate night clubs in later years has been in vain. Such ornate spots as the Paradise, the Hollywood, the Gay White Way, etc.—have swooned and are no more. If one were asked what are Broadway's chief attractions at the moment, one fears, indeed, that the reply would be: just two electric signs. One of them, between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets and advertising a brand of chewing gum, draws the crowds with its electrical wriggling fish. The other, considerably smaller and advertising a whisky, draws even larger crowds with its animated jumping-jack figures. Surely a sufficient commentary!

☆ WHAT disappoints the pilgrims' illusion particularly is the general Broadway vista, a fact not lost upon the street's leading business men who have banded themselves together under the name of the Broadway Association and with the purpose of safeguarding and improving the street's future aspect and reputation. Block after block reveals cheap orange, pineapple, and coconut soft-drink stands, tiny imitation-jewelry stores, nut shoppes, jitney millinery and lingerie stores, booths selling sheet music and parlor tricks, low-price clothes shops, and innumerable other such small-town bazaars.

The large and little movie houses are fronted by barkers and spielers who proclaim the wares inside and give the thoroughfare the complexion of a Coney Island side show, their shouts augmented by those of the barkers from the sight-seeing buses at the street corners. And no block is without its beggars of all descriptions, many of them either factual or bogus cripples and all of them whining their well rehearsed supplications.

The ten-cent dance halls and cafeterias, situated either in basements or on the second floors of buildings occupied by stores, similarly have their barkers and spielers who cry out the beauty of the bedraggled dime-a-dance females within. The Beachcomber, or Zombie as it has more recently called itself, the most successful of the nighttime cabarets, is up a long flight of steps. And the Havana-Madrid, the most successful of the rumba spots, is down a cellar and even plainer to the eye.

One of the main Broadway sights, day and night, is the enchanting spectacle, glimpsed through Automat, delicatessen, and food-counter eateries' windows, of men and women wolfing down hamburgers, sandwiches, doughnuts, and herring. Crowds gather, as at a congress of freaks, to view the display, and so great is the curiosity not only of visitors but apparently of New Yorkers that the cops frequently have to clear the thoroughfare for the less impressed pedestrians.

☆ BUT if the imaginary Broadway of the pilgrims is nonexistent, if the Broadway that once was has gone the way of the past, there is, as has been hinted, another Broadway to take its place. So let the hopefuls by no means despair. Their god is still in their fanciful heaven and all is well with their world.

This other Broadway is all that their minds have pictured the Broadway which disappoints their dreams. It is situated a variable number of blocks to the east of the other Broadway, as hereinbefore intimated, and it covers a zigzag course on both sides of Fifth Avenue. Here the pilgrim may find almost all he has sought in vain on the Broadway that bears the old name. In Rockefeller Center, for example, he may see the romantic electrical illumination, the movie coloring, and the happy crowds that Broadway is destitute of. And here on a midsummer night he may hear the band play an accompaniment to the splashing fountain, and have his drinks on the broad terrace, and look at all the gorgeous girls, and be one with the spirit of the metropolis. He may then amble a short distance to Fifty-second Street and there discover such a surplusage of what he has imagined to be the Broadway élan that his eyes will pop wide with satisfaction.

For on this Fifty-second Street just to the west of the Avenue there are more and more greatly diversified cafés, restaurants, and night clubs than Broadway boasted even in its heyday. Here he will come upon French, Italian, Swiss, Chinese, Dixie, and various other national cuisines, and roughhouse vaudeville night clubs like the "18," and little open terrace restaurants like the Fontainebleau, and the celebrated "21," mecca of the town's eminentos in the field of the theater, movies, literature, journalism, and society, and jazz bands blaring in the night, and almost everything else he has visioned as part and parcel of the Broadway that is Broadway no more.

To the east and a block away, he will find the Stork Club, filled with the dancing, dining, and wining illuminati. Here he will lay eyes on most of the folk he had hoped hopelessly to encounter on Broadway: famous editors, writers, critics, columnists, figures in the social life of the town, politicians, mysterious G-men, beautiful women, lovely debutantes, stage, screen, and radio stars. He will behold a catalogue of those he has read about that includes such a variety of magnificos as Ernest Hemingway, Ethel Merman, Ed Wynn, Al Jolson, Betty Grable, Brenda Frazier, Leon Henderson, the Roosevelt boys, Walter Winchell, Robert Benchley, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Lillian Hellman, Tommy Manville, Jinx Falkenburg, Norma Shearer, Tallulah Bankhead, J. Edgar Hoover, and dozens upon dozens of other such.

A block or two to the northeast and he is in the presence of the luxe night clubs like the Monte Carlo and El Morocco, the former the superior of anything of the sort that Broadway ever knew, the latter with its oft-pictured zebra décor also the haunt of the livelier element in the city's social life. And in both he will hear the constant flash of photographers' bulbs, and bands that play without a moment's pause far into the morning, and see all the fashionably dressed men and women that he will seldom hear or rarely see on the street that once was Broadway.

☆ IN other sections of this transplanted Broadway he will discover such fine restaurants as the Colony, the best in America, La Rue's, the Passy, and the like. And a succession of other night clubs ranging all the way from the Penthouse, high in the air overlooking the lights of Central Park, and the Ruban Bleu, with its whispering singers, to Café Society, with its sterling darky entertainers, the Coq Rouge, with its society chicks breathing blues into its dance-floor microphone, and the tropical Copacabana, with its bevy of agitating dancing houris.

Here, too, may he revel on the St. Regis roof garden, on the romantic starlight roof of the Waldorf-Astoria, and on the wind-swept roof restaurant of the Pierre. And here he will find in block after block restaurants of every known nationality, including the Armenian, Polish, Hungarian, Italian, Turkish, Ceylonese, French, Swedish, and even American; night clubs with Chinese, Japanese, Tahitian, Mexican, Argentinian, Brazilian, Hawaiian, Cuban, Puerto Rican, English, French, and Harlem dancers and singers; and a nighttime stream of merrymaking folk who hit it up till the break of dawn.

If the old Broadway is dead, a new Broadway has been born. And this, though it passes by another name, is it.

THE END

Rosemary

FOR REMEMBRANCE

"LOVE INSURANCE. *Florists, in several cities, are now selling 'love insurance': For a flat fee, flowers are sent to loved ones at designated dates—birthdays, anniversaries—for the year 1941.*"

BY F. W. HATCH

Kind florist, if you seek to keep
My love life sacrosanct,
Pray add these items to your list
And send a potted plant—

A cactus, if you please, sir, for
That air-line stewardess
Who said, "Just strap your belt on,"
When I asked her home address.

To Gwendolyn with classic brow,
Whose promises were shoddy;
The projects that she left undone
Would equal Passamaquoddy.

Send blooms for all my bloomers,
My earliest, my last.
I'll struggle with the future;
You tidy up the past.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY AFTER FORTY

Continued from Page 15

fancy was from a higher place, and therefore harder. I was scared.

I made a picture, The Trespasser. It was produced in eight weeks, during which I created a voice adaptable to primitive sound equipment, and during which I averaged four hours of sleep nightly. Then, the job done, I went to France to join my husband; we spent the next weeks keeping Mediterranean resort hours, with dinner at midnight and breakfast at 4 P. M.

I was enduring fittings in Paris and thinking dreamfully of likely sanatoriums when word came that The Trespasser would open in London and that I was to go there to broadcast one of the songs.

There was that moment, then, before the BBC microphone, in which I no longer believed in the woman named Swanson. I don't know how I did the song or got home into bed. But the next morning there was every sign that The Trespasser would be a successful picture. And by that time I had had some sleep.

I think that such a moment must come eventually to every woman in the world. Whether or not she becomes a victim of time and the decimating influence of that bugaboo word, or achieves the agelessness of which she is inherently capable, depends on how she survives this one critical instant of awareness.

Just so long, that is (I add this in the interests of reality), as she remembers that inspiration about this sort of thing is effective only when accompanied by lipstick and the right diet. After all, the women we know are eternally sharp-eyed, and men as a species are so literal.

THE END

PROBLEM DRINKERS AND HOW TO HELP THEM

Continued from Page 16

So many things may be responsible for this maladjustment that they cannot be enumerated. Neglect by parents, too rigid discipline, unhappiness in the home, shock or accident, deprivation or too great indulgence—any of these may drive a child in on himself, making him shy and lonely, or arrogant and egotistical, or irresponsible and weak-willed, or bitter and frustrated. Working separately or together, they contrive to make it impossible for the young who have been submitted to them to face the difficulties of adult life. In their effort to escape they take to drinking.

To the shy, alcohol brings release from their inhibitions. Egotists drink to inflate their opinion of themselves. The socially insecure and ambitious do so because they think it is the smart thing to do. Some drinkers are vocational or social misfits. Others are unhappily married. All are sufferers from some kind of defeat and frustration.

Generally speaking, there are three classes of alcoholics. There are the psychotics whose minds are so deeply touched that they have lost their reason and must be placed in institutions. These are not numerous and their illness is so baffling that the most experienced psychiatrists and physicians are puzzled by it.

There are those so lacking in fundamental stamina that all that can be done for them is to try to protect them from temptation and to take care of them when they succumb.

The third group, the most numerous, are those whom Charles H. Durfee, Ph. D., of Wakefield, Rhode Island, who has made his mark in healing them, has called "problem drinkers." They are the Bens of this world—the men and, yes, the women who are still on the right side of the border between reason and confusion but whose drinking has become a dominating influence in their lives to the detriment of their health, their usefulness, their home life, and their moral and social integrity, threatening to make complete outcasts of them. In most instances, if taken in time, their malady can be cured.

Because of the many factors involved, and because all cases are as different from one another as human beings are different, there can be no set formula for approach to a cure and no specific technique. But there are certain principles, some or all of which have proved successful in a large number of cases. A ten-point program, setting forth these key principles, has been especially outlined for Liberty readers by Vernon Bronson Twitchell, consulting psychologist and formerly director of the Alcoholic Institute of Chicago:

1. The patient must wish to recover. And he must be ready to abstain from liquor for the rest of his life.

2. He must undergo a medical examination to determine whether he has any of the ailments that sometimes tie themselves in with alcoholism, and to learn what his diet deficiencies are.

3. Frequent interviews with a recognized competent specialist will lead him back through his whole life for the purpose of exploring his illness and opening up its primal and contributing causes.

4. A regular daily schedule will keep his time fully occupied with worth-while activities.

5. Outdoor exercise and plenty of rest and relaxation, to ease the emotional tensions.

6. Aptitude tests to determine his abilities. If his present work is unsuited to them, then a more congenial outlet should be found for them.

7. The cultivation of new friends and new hobbies and new modes of recreation.

8. Meals at regular hours. Foods rich in the vitamins required to build up his physical condition. When he is tired or hungry and he feels that five-o'clock feeling coming on, he should eat dextrose and sweets (unless he is diabetic) to guard against excessive lowering of his blood sugar content.

9. He must be taught to think straight, to see through his old excuses for drinking, to analyze and solve his problems, and to meet his obligations. In other words, he must substitute reason for rationalization, forthright action for evasion and escape.

10. Treatments should be kept up until the patient is able to mingle freely with drinkers without thought of a drink himself.

☆ TO see how it works out, let us go back to Ben, who when we left him was in a pretty sad situation, with everything that matters to a man gone by the board. Yet it did not turn out that way. Ben knew that liquor had him. He wanted to stop drinking. He saw that it was useless to try to stop by himself. So he asked the advice of his doctor, who placed him on the farm of a psychologist who took a small number of alcoholic patients as paying guests.

Up to this time, for several years the only thing Ben had been doing regularly was to drink. His breakfast had been a glass of whisky or maybe two glasses, with a cup of black coffee as a chaser. His lunches and his dinners had often been popcorn, peanuts, pretzels, and other salty bar-bits put before him for the express purpose of whetting a thirst that knew no quenching. His sleep had been snatched at intervals between drinking bouts. When he did manage a full night in bed, there was a bottle by his bedside for reassuring nips to fortify his fitful awakenings. His only exercise had been jumping in and out of taxicabs and walking back and forth to elevators. For over a year he had been without work.

Now Ben found himself getting up at the same time every day, and without his morning swig. For breakfast he had orange juice, ham and eggs, coffee, with cream fresh from the cow. For luncheon and dinner, served at the same time every day, he ate square meals of home-grown vegetables, fresh fruit, meats, milk, cheese, all in a proportion to make up the deficiencies in his former diet. When breakfast was over he and his fellow guests worked around the farm, making hay, digging ditches, growing vegetables, or tending the animals. After a noonday rest he took long walks with his host, or rode cross-country with him, or sat around under the trees with him, as Ben was led to talk about himself, going back to his earliest childhood and tracing his life up through all the events and problems that had helped to put him where he was.

☆ GRADUALLY, through events long since buried in his unconscious, the chain established itself. Ben's father, brilliant, excitable, domineering, and boundless in his energies. . . . The mother, shy, apologetic, and often palsied with fear, clinging to her only son, holding him away from companions of his own age. . . . The home always keyed to a high pitch. . . . Ben, looking out from his cage at the lives of other children and wishing that his life could be like theirs. He had grown frightened, like his mother, tied to her rocking chair, afraid of himself and of people, shying away from difficult moments. No wonder he drank, the therapist said. Many others in the same situation would have done worse. That Ben had not, and that he wanted to be cured and was willing to go through what it took, showed that, far from being a weakling and a disgrace, he was in reality intelligent and had strength of character.

Thus encouraged, it was not hard for Ben to get hold of himself. For

some time the therapist stayed close to the patient, directing his mind into channels away from drinking and conviviality, pointing out how his problems could be met instead of evaded, helping him to discover new abilities, developing new interests and, finally, a whole new attitude toward life. In this Ben had the help of the other guests who also were in some stage or other of recovery. Swapping experiences with them often threw light on some difficulty. Another important point taken care of by the healer was the co-operation of Ben's parents, who were soon brought to terms when the seriousness of their son's condition and its causes were placed frankly before them.

It took eight months to change Ben into an articulate, well integrated, normal human being who required neither stimulant nor narcotic to stand up against the pains and perplexities of life.

In the four years that have elapsed since then, liquor has had no place in his thoughts. He has a good job, one better suited to his abilities than the one he had before. He is happy in his second marriage. His home in the country is within easy commuting distance of the city, and his special hobbies are his week-end gardening and his putting green.

Unfortunately, all problem drinkers are not brought around with such a good turn. For every Ben there are thousands who are forever lost, not because they are incurable but because facilities for curing them are not available. Private farms are both rare and expensive. Only a few incomes can afford sustained psychiatric treatment. Lay psychologists, while increasing in number, are not abundant, and they too are prohibitive to all but the well-to-do.

Only three or four states make anything like adequate provision for the alcoholic who is neither criminal nor insane. The churches do their share of salvaging, but they reach only a limited number.

Even the groups of former inebriates, such as Alcoholics Anonymous, an account of which appeared in a recent issue of Liberty, and whose gratuitous and successful technique of healing is extending itself to all parts of the country, are not widely effective in the face of the immense roster of those who are suffering from the disease.

What, then, is the answer? Not prohibition—its disaster is still too deeply entrenched in memory. Besides, the question involved is not the use of liquor by the normal and well poised who can take it or leave it at will, but the abuse of it by the sick in mind and heart who are driven to extremes by the very nature of their indisposition. The solution, therefore, lies not in the grasp of the reformers but in the authority of the physicians, the psychologists, and the social scientists, supported by all those citizens who are alive to what it is that needs to be done.

To that purpose, the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol, with just such a membership, has for the last three years been bending its efforts toward a concise program of operation. In the hospitals, universities, and private practice, the medical scientists and psychologists have been looking further into the nature of alcoholism and the reactions of those who are its victims. They have experimented with new therapies and new controls. They have consulted with the heads of penal institutions and mental hospitals, with the judges and court officials who handle cases where intoxication is an issue, with clergymen and social workers.

They say that they still have a great deal to learn about it, and a long way to go before they can come to any adequate solution. But this much they have arrived at: the need for a concentrated and intensive campaign on the part of public health authorities for educating the people to the meaning of alcoholism; the need for more and more young men of special abilities to take up healing as a profession; the need for better co-operation between the liquor industry and the moderating agencies; the need for special alcoholic wards with a special staff in all public hospitals; the need for alcoholic farms as a supplement to jails and police courts and public clinics where those whose drinking has gone out of control may go for counsel and treatment.

THE END

CANADA TAKES TO THE AIR—Continued from Page 27

French-Canadian population of Quebec offering any real objection to the war, there are several strictly French-Canadian volunteer battalions in training in special camps. And many of the leaders of French-Canadian opinion are openly against any slackening of army efforts to appease this great group of Canadians.

Officials in the Defense Ministry make it clear that Canada's army and training schedule today is ahead of what it was during this same period in the first World War. In September, 1939, Canada had a permanant force of 4,500 officers and men, while her militia numbered 55,000. Today she has two full divisions and a number of special troops in England—a total force of around 70,000 men. Her Third Division is trained and actually partly embarked. The armored division will constitute her Fourth and, with the tank brigade, will make a full war-strength corps that before many months will probably be operating in England.

Altogether, this gives Canada around 70,000 in England and 106,000 in training in her regular volunteer reserve army force in Canada, with some 20,000 trainees in camps. The only opening for serious criticism of the army's effort is the fact that the conscription covers only men of twenty-one.

It is not so much the fact that Canada was bled white in the last war that is limiting her conscription, although she had 200,000 casualties, with 52,000 killed, and at the end of the war had 262,000 soldiers oversea. Nor is it exclusively Premier King's policy of attaining full unity. A large factor is the government's definite policy of taking no useful young men employed in industry or shipbuilding.

Premier King and his government see Canada's effort largely as a threefold one: the navy, the air, and industry. Not that the army is being neglected in the slightest, but Canada feels that her most important contribution has to do with these three branches.

Certainly there has been a vigorous spurt in industry and shipbuilding. I spent an afternoon going through what is probably the largest machine-gun factory in the world—the vast $20,000,000 Bren machine-gun section of the John Inglis Co., Limited, in Toronto. Not only are they getting into full production of just about the prettiest machine gun in the world there, but the prettiest factory workers I've ever seen do most of the work. It's quite the smart thing in Toronto these days for young girls to take jobs there and let their patriotism express itself in work at lathes and assembly benches.

And Bren machine guns are only one division of this great John Inglis plant's war work. Here antiaircraft guns are made, as well as boilers and engines for the blessed corvettes—the tough little sub-destroyers and convoy guards that may have so much to do with victory in the North Atlantic.

And the John Inglis plant is just one of scores and hundreds of factories and shipbuilding yards and mines, mills and shops that are turning out all conceivable sorts of war materials and munitions. Out of her total annual national income of five billion dollars, Canada is spending more than one and a half billion on her war machine each year, and almost another billion on arms for Britain. By August of this year she will be in full mass production.

Ford of Canada, for instance, will be turning out fifteen 8,200-ton "universal carriers" for the army every twenty-four hours; and right now three medium tanks are rolling out of Canada's automotive plants every day. She is building, or has already built, 110 of the famed useful corvettes and sixty mine sweepers; and forty-five keels of the 10,000-ton desperately needed freighters are being laid down on both coasts and on the St. Lawrence shipways.

Canada drives into the war full-out. She fights for herself, her mother country, her continent, and her New World.

THE END

WHY SENATOR WHEELER AND LINDBERGH WORK TOGETHER—Continued from Page 11

"I recall that, too," laughed the Senator.

The passage in the Ambassador's Diary which we both had in mind was, in part, as follows:

"February 1, 1935. I drove to Georgetown to dine with Rexford Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. A certain well known senator was one of the guests. From the very beginning this senator attacked Roosevelt. . . . He claimed that he and Huey Long, the pirate of Louisiana, had caused Roosevelt's nomination in 1932.

"The attitudes of this man were amazing. He talks like a National Socialist. He would stop trade with Europe. He advocated German domination of all Europe, our domination of the Americas, and Japanese domination of the Far East. He wishes to see England dominated by Germany, with Canada falling naturally to the United States. . . . He said: 'We shall soon be shooting up people here, like Hitler does.' "

"Of course I didn't say anything of the kind," asserted the Senator, "and I will be very glad to tell you the whole thing just as it happened."

☆ THEN, in a most graphic and, I must say, most convincing manner, he gave me his version of what happened at Rex Tugwell's house that night, which differed radically from the version in Ambassador Dodd's Diary and from the version which President Roosevelt gave to the press last winter while the Senator was recovering from an illness at Joseph P. Kennedy's Florida home.

The Wheeler version, hitherto unpublished, will be printed in full at the proper place in this series. Meanwhile, listen, the Senator:

"I had been warned that I was to be smeared on that conversation. Young Dodd, the Ambassador's son, sat right where you are sitting and said, 'Senator, they're going to smear you.' He didn't say who 'they' were, but of course I knew it was the New Deal crowd. 'Let 'em smear!' I said. I thought some of their columnists would put it out. I never dreamed that the President . . ."

Senator Wheeler did not complete the sentence. He let whirling cigar and upraised hands express his feelings for him. Then he smoked silently for a while. But his cigar did not completely soothe his ruffled feelings, for he suddenly said:

"I don't believe he'd have done it if I hadn't been visiting Joe Kennedy!"

Could it be, as the Washington wise boys were saying, that the Senator's interest in Lindbergh's "great following," perhaps even his whole participation in the America First campaign, was but one more shot in the running fight between him and "that man" in the White House?

Personally, I do not agree with this interpretation. Senator Wheeler's preoccupation has been chiefly with domestic rather than international problems, but his position on foreign policy, whenever he has stated it, has consistently been on the side of staying out of war. He opposed our entry into the first World War; it is entirely consistent that he should oppose our entry into the second.

We may not agree with him as to the methods he would adopt to prevent it—I, for one, certainly do not agree with him—but as to the sincerity of his own belief in those methods, his record entitles him to our full sufferance.

There can be no question, either, as to his right, or as to Lindbergh's right, so long as we are not actually at war, to advance the cause of isolationism by public discussion and

"Do I look haggard, dear? The man at the bank told me today that I was overdrawn!"

agitation. On this point there can be no difference of opinion among free Americans.

The bitterest opponents of Lindbergh and Wheeler should be able to say with Voltaire:

"I do not agree with a word that you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

But, you may argue, the distinguished Senator from Montana might declare his opposition to our entry into the war without publicly allying himself with a man about whom he knows so little and with some of whose views and interests and associations his whole public career would seem to be in conflict.

Yes, he *might*, but there is nothing in his long career to indicate that he *would*.

Wheeler has remained Wheeler throughout all his fights, but he has never hesitated to recruit his supporters and co-workers where he found them. He has even been quoted as saying that he persuaded the late Huey Long to collaborate with him in 1932 to bring about the first nomination for President of Franklin Delano Roosevelt!

But we do not need to go back that far for our examples.

No two men could be more unlike or have more unlike interests than Burton Wheeler of Montana and Millard Tydings of Maryland. Yet Tydings was a welcome ally in the early stages of the demand for the President's participation in a negotiated peace, and so was Roaring Robert Reynolds, that "flag-waving, glad-handing, back-patting, butter-spreading statesman," who celebrated his elevation through seniority to the chairmanship of the Senate Military Affairs Committee by solemnly announcing:

"I want to take this opportunity to thank the Hearst newspapers."

It is no reflection, therefore, on Lindbergh any more than it is on President Roosevelt—with whom also the Montana Senator has in the past fought many a fight shoulder to shoulder—to recognize that Burt Wheeler is not at all choosy about the political company he keeps, and that, although no man in American public life has a finer record for hewing to the line of what he believes to be right, he is in superficial changeableness less like the leopard than like the chameleon.

☆ IN his fight against war, Wheeler would feel that he was overlooking a bet if he did not try to line up Lindbergh's "great following" behind an orderly effort to obtain his isolationist aims, not by "a new leadership . . . and soon," but by constitutional methods, in which the Senator is a stanch believer.

If, in the attempt, he endears himself to that following and makes it his own, and thus strengthens himself for the long fight against what he has come to call "the New Deal crowd," he can hardly be expected to blind himself to the advantage of that, either.

After all, he is entitled to marshal his forces, for by common consent he has been elevated to a position of high command. In England, where they are so quaint, they would probably say that a Burt Wheeler was the leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition!

This fact, whatever interpretation we may put upon it, cannot be ignored in any study of the forces which have brought the administration's two principal critics, Wheeler and Lindbergh, together at this time.

The situation, so far as the Senator is concerned, is nothing new. Lindbergh has never before gone out on the political limb, but Wheeler has a squatter's claim on the outermost branch.

He has always been in the opposition—if he could get there. What made him seem to "go sour" on Roosevelt, many think, was the fact that, with a liberal like himself in the White House, he didn't have anybody

to fight any more. So he fought himself—or, rather, his fellow liberal.

I asked the Senator about that, and he told me there was nothing to it.

"I'd work with the President tomorrow for anything I thought was right," he said, and pointed to the administration's railroad legislation, which he put through the Senate shortly after the bitter Supreme Court fight, as an example of his willingness to co-operate.

But we are getting ahead of our story. Somehow or other, Wheeler—like his current collaborator, Lindbergh—has managed to get considerable reputation as what Dr. Johnson used to call "a good hater."

"What I like about Burt Wheeler," one man said, "is the way he hates people's guts."

The speaker was a long-time friend and admirer of the distinguished Senator from Montana. He meant his harsh appraisal as a compliment. I am not sure that the Senator himself would not accept it as such. For Burt Wheeler is smart, and he knows that there is nothing like the reputation of being a good hater for keeping a politician's name in the papers.

Not that the Senator is by nature any more of a headline hunter than most men in his line of business. But if you come from a state whose entire population is considerably smaller than that of the city of Buffalo, national publicity of some sort comes under the head of an essential industry.

In other words, if you represent less than one half of one per cent of the people of the United States, you know that a few nationally advertised pet hates or what pass for pet hates, help a lot to rivet the attention of the other ninety-nine and one half per cent, and keep it riveted.

☆ THIS would seem to be a flimsy foundation on which to base a political future, but at the moment it is serving well the purposes of the Senator from Montana. Take, for example, the highly publicized "state of mind" into which he has worked himself about his old friend Franklin Roosevelt. Many believe that, in the inevitable postwar reaction, it will make him President.

Now, of course Burt Wheeler doesn't really hate Franklin Roosevelt. He and the President belong to the same political party and, generally speaking, share the same political views. Usually their disagreements are just disagreements, nothing more. But it suits the Senator's purpose to go running around the country on the Lindbergh trail, snorting that his old friend the President has surrendered to "our Rockefellers, Morgans, Dorothy Thompsons, Stimsons, Knoxes, and Walter Winchells."

Maybe it suits the President's purposes, too!

All of which concerns the present inquiry only as it shows how inextricably entangled the Wheeler-Roosevelt trail and the Wheeler-Lindbergh trail have become.

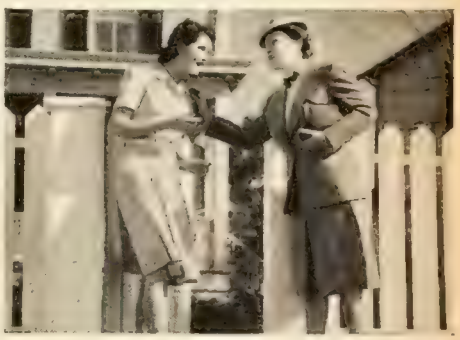
"I'm *not* a bad girl! You're a bad *mommy!*"

1. "You're a bad mommy!" I could hardly believe my ears! Was this *my* little girl talking to *me!* Why, I tried so hard to be a good and wise mother. But here was my little Mary looking at me as if she hated me!

2. It all started when Mary needed a laxative. She hates it, and this time she simply refused to take it. I tried to force it down her and she sputtered it all over the carpet. So I slapped her and said she was a bad girl. Then came the tantrum!

3. Well, I'd seen those laxative tantrums before, but this time it upset me more than ever. I was moping on the porch when I saw the school nurse passing by. So I called to her and asked her advice. (She knows *so* much about children.)

4. "*All* mothers should think more about the laxative they give their children," the nurse said. "Forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can shock her delicate nervous system. And it's so unnecessary. Why don't you try Fletcher's Castoria?"



5. "Mary will love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria. And you can be sure it's thorough—but always mild and safe. It's made especially for children and there isn't a single harsh drug in it. I'm positive it will solve your problem."

6. Well, I got a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria and made the big test. Mary took a spoonful and loved it! She hugged me and said I was the best mommy in the world! *Fletcher's Castoria has solved Mary's laxative problem ever since!*

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative for children

The two-way JUICE for youngsters

• Boys and girls like a summer drink that *tastes* good. *You* like them to have a drink that's good *for* them. Florida canned grapefruit juice serves this double purpose!

It's refreshing, zestful, appetizing. It's energizing, quick and easy to serve—and so very economical.

Best of all—grapefruit juice gives more than *twice as many vitamins for the money compared with any non-citrus juice or soda drink!*

Keep a good supply always on hand. And don't forget those other grand Florida canned citrus products—orange juice and orange-grapefruit *blended* juice! Your grocer has them all—packed under many dependable brand names. Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Florida.

FLORIDA CANNED

GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

STOP Scratching

Insect Bites – Heat Rash

Relieve itching of insect bites, heat rashes, athlete's foot and other skin troubles. Use cooling antiseptic D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Stops itching quickly. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for D.D.D. Prescription.

CORNS Go Fast!

Doctor's New Double-Quick Relief

New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop shoe friction; lift shoe pressure. Relief is then immediate. These thin, soft-as-down, soothing, protective cushioning pads ease new or tight shoes . . . positively prevent corns, sore toes. Separate *Medications* included for speedily removing corns or callouses. Cost but a trifle. Get a box today!

NEW *Super-Soft* Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

And when we look at the terrain from the other side, we find that there is a first-class mix-up, too, between the Lindbergh-Roosevelt and the Lindbergh-Wheeler trail.

Both have felt the Roosevelt whip, and neither is the kind that takes a whipping and forgets it. Lindbergh is, to use the Senator's word, stubborn. Wheeler has a "russet-apple mind that betters as the weathers worsen."

I have made it clear that I don't believe dislike of the President is responsible for Burt Wheeler's attitude in this crisis. It would be unfair to assume that it is responsible for Charles Lindbergh's. But what if a public campaign to avoid war happens to further a private war which they both share?

At any rate, although opposition to Roosevelt did not bring the two isolationists together, it may keep them together long after isolationism ceases to be an issue, and thus transform a temporary association into a political alliance of lasting importance. This is especially apt to be the case if, as seems inevitable, the breach between the President and the Senator widens in the next few months.

Friends of both men believe that the gap is already quite unbridgeable. If, they say, the President should come out for ankle-length woolen underwear, the Senator would plump for nudism—and, if the weather were suitable, he would take the issue to the country!

Some of the quarrels between these two outstanding liberals have seemed almost as silly as that. Others—notably two others, those over the Supreme Court and over isolationism—have been of indubitable importance.

The Senator won the first main bout. He had the titleholder down for a count of nine—nine old men, if you know what I mean—and might have gotten the tenth count if the President's seconds hadn't thrown in the towel.

At present writing, Battling Burt doesn't seem to be doing so well in the return engagement. So a third bout is clearly indicated. It may be delayed "for the duration." But it's coming, gents—the Battle of the Century!

And that, so the hard-boiled boys are saying, is what Burt Wheeler stands to win by working with Charles Lindbergh—a long delayed chance at the heavyweight White House crown, a bout for the championship of the Democratic world between Champ Roosevelt, or his nominee, and Kid Wheeler, the Montana Blitzkrieg—with Larruping Lindbergh in the Blitzkrieg's corner.

But how about Lindbergh? Is he the kind of man who will be content to act as anybody's second? What does *he* stand to win by working with Burt Wheeler?

Let's look at the situation from Lindbergh's standpoint!

Should the Wheeler-Lindbergh isolationist partnership bear fruit in a Presidential ticket in '44, which partner might head that ticket? Are the Senator and the ex-Colonel very likely to stick together until then? What may, conceivably, have happened last winter when the Senator visited Joe Kennedy in Florida? Read Mr. Collins in Liberty next week!

20 QUESTIONS

On this quiz, score yourself as follows:

0-5 right ..... Class E
6-10 right ..... Class C
11-15 right ..... Class—he!
16-20 right ..... Classy!

Gregory Pinquetea, our special question tester, missed only Nos. 8, 12, 18, and 20. Count double if you get those questions right. Of No. 8, Pinquetea said: "What will they think of next!"

1—A reception was given recently in a New York hotel for a motherless offspring named Beulah. Who is she, and what liquid was served?

2—What two republics are located on the same island in the West Indies?

3—Why is Wisconsin sometimes called the Badger State?

4—May the American flag ever legally be flown upside down?

5—By what more familiar term is trinitrotoluene known?

6—What official privileges, if any, are extended to an ex-President of the United States?

7—What is a "straw hat" theater?

8—In a recent pole-vault competition, no crossbar was visible, and yet the officials were able to record exactly how high each man vaulted. Can you figure out what was used in place of the crossbar?

9—Approximately how many persons in the United States heard President Roosevelt's most recent "fireside chat"?

10—You know what a U-boat is, and an X-ray. But what is a Y-gun?

11—If you ordered oysters for dinner and found a pearl in one, could you sell it?

12—Which major-league baseball team has never won a pennant?

13—When a scholar speaks of the "humanities," is he referring to a way in which people ought to act, or what?

14—If you purchased a gallon of gasoline in England, would you have more or less—or the same amount—as a gallon purchased in the United States?

15—What is a "penalty envelope"?

16—Does the expression, "Oh, go to Halifax!" actually refer to the city of Halifax, or is it just a way of avoiding using a swear word?

17—Was John Howard Payne at his home when he wrote Home, Sweet Home?

18—A gentleman by the name of Michel Nostradamus, who lived hundreds of years ago, has been in the news recently. Can you tell why?

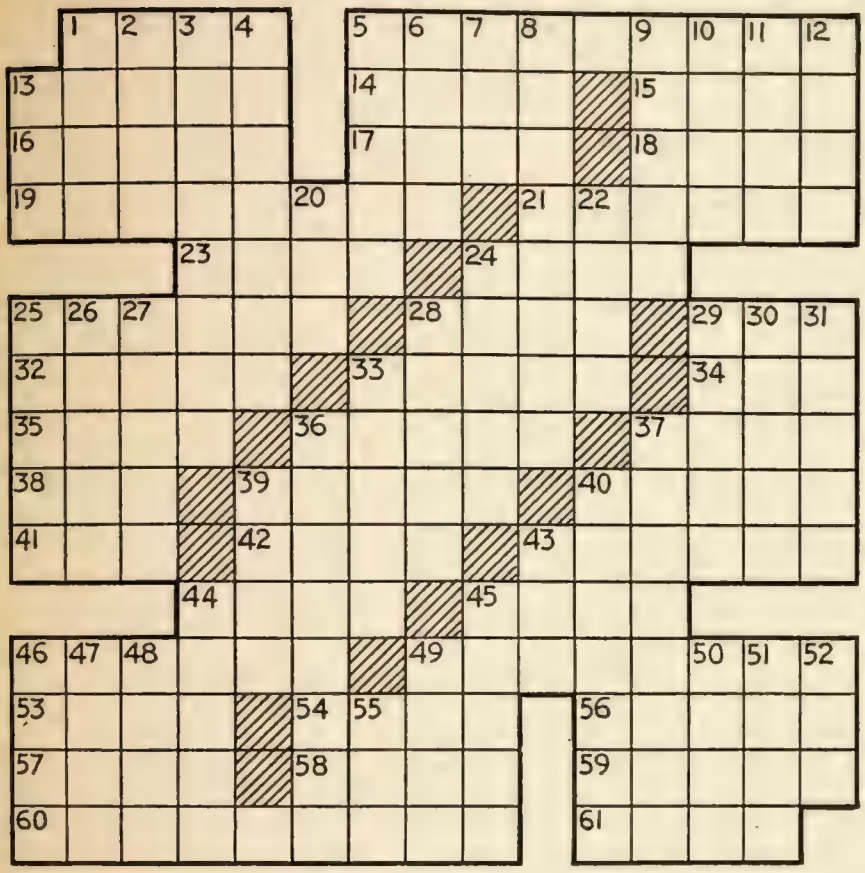
19—What word which once referred to privateers is now used to describe a type of congressional speech?

20—Sir Benjamin Hall, England's chief Commissioner of Works in 1856, has been immortalized by what object which bears his name?

(Answers will be found on page 60)

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Air-cooled Normandie, full of drafts
5 The reason why so many girls try drowning
13 Timetable for the morning milk
14 No. 1 man
15 1900 road hog
16 Iron pants, requiring can opener to get out of
17 Cut the crop
18 Whenever they rattle, a prayer goes up in Africa
19 What the old maid or the great general never does
21 Got an earful of advice and took it
23 The green emotion
24 What Louis once used as a punching bag
25 Capitol—eh, wot?
28 This has known more lean years, has a peculiar slant, and may fall over
29 Funny, every time you do this to the number in your family, you really multiply
32 This kills more people than work—because more people tackle it
33 This bird's just too tweet for X-words!
34 Peace (German): incident (Japanese)
35 Killjoys—a joy to kill
36 I understand they now fly with six machine guns under their wings and live in bombproof cotes
37 You're bound to see through this
38 What a woman can find a lot of for $1 in a dime store
39 A tender spot (pl.)
40 Postmen's holidays
41 What the French are being done by Pétain—into German slavery
42 He who does this too strenuously grows woozy!
43 There's not an ounce of steal in this kind of man
44 Heal heels
45 Mountain (with heart of ice)
46 A mansion's young
49 Sheridan's Mrs. ——. Every time she opened her mouth she put her foot in it
53 Heroine of The Good Earth
54 Careful, he's liable to knot you all up and string you along!
56 The difference between British victory and defeat
57 Young flower plucker in the Garden of Love
58 A prince of a fellow
59 The ocean's garage
60 The slave of tomorrow—half neurotic, half European
61 To overlook a gal—from the ground up

VERTICAL

1 What high arches are on waiters
2 The best war ones are straight at the hearts of the Nazis
3 They hang around the necks of a lot of dogs and pick up a lot of dirt as they sweep the kennel floor (two words)
4 Brutalitarianism
5 What no one ever called Lawrence of Arabia
6 Orses hovercoats
7 Federal Alimony Aid (abbr.)
8 Oral oomph
9 Cow's briefcase
10 What F. D. R. won't let the nation become again
11 The dogs home first win this
12 What he nearly did when he found his first gray hairs; what she actually did when she found hers
13 When a nineteen-year-old gal calls this sweetly, there's bound to be a touching scene
20 Plant with an itch to travel and get up in the world
22 Attachments on Father Time's mug
24 VVVVVVs
25 How you feel the morning after
26 Kinda free 'n' easy
27 Mussolini's Order of Romance
28 Slaps the concrete around underfoot
29 Unshut-eyed
30 European butter-and-egg men (the yoke's on them, but it won't be for long!)
31 What the well dressed woman will be this fall—she's half it now! (simplified spelling)
33 Guy who goebbels up propaganda
36 What the foregoing person uses the encyclopedia for
37 Pantywaist tennis
39 Wall-eye farmer expression
40 Mr. Alger's given name
43 Hitler Engenders Love (the this he does!) (abbr.)
44 Chew-chew car
45 He sure can handle his dukes
46 Fodder and liquor
47 Flappers
48 The Pride of Azerbaijan
49 Physics enjoyed by profs
50 Hot-dog blanket
51 General call of the Swiss yodeler
52 Hey there!
55 Itchy-Toe Exercisers (abbr.)

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Can't Scuff Off! FLOOR IS DYED!

TRUSCON FLOR-DYE

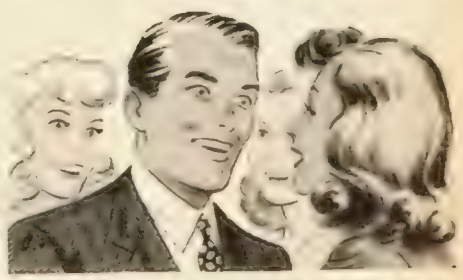
PERMANENTLY DYES CEMENT FLOORS

FLOR-DYE is a dye that really penetrates—that goes right down into the concrete. It is colorfast, waterproof and lime-proof. For the first time it is possible to decorate basement floors and do a lasting and economical job. Won't stain. Easy to clean. Not affected by moisture or condensation. A floor preservative and a cement dustproofer. Write for literature and color card.

Territories open for distributors and dealers.

TRUSCON LABORATORIES, Dept. L-10, Detroit, Mich.
Send me literature and color card on FLOR-DYE.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS:
People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.



Why do the girls always GO FOR JIM?

What is it about some fellows that makes them popular wherever they go? Every[illegible] like that clean, wholesome, well-groomed look. And a big help in getting it is to give yourself the famous Pompeian Facial Massage.

It's simple—it's quick! Moisten your face after shaving . . . and spread on Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. Now massage your face. Any dirt that's on your face will come rolling off. The Pompeian Cream you spread on clean-pink rolls off dirt-grey. Now, there's that clean, lovely glow on your face—that successful look! A Pompeian face massage costs little—and means so much! Get a jar today at your drug, department or dime store.

SEND 10¢ FOR TRIAL JAR

The Pompeian Co., Baltimore, Md.
Enclosed is 10 cents. Send jar of Pompeian Milk Massage Cream & direction folder. LIB-7
Name & Address.....
City & State.....

HOW TO FIGHT HEADACHES

3 ways at same time!

Break Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way

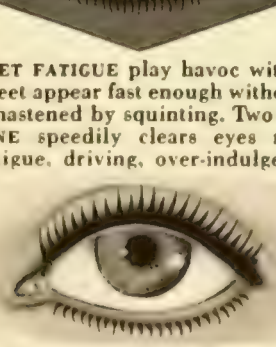
• A headache disturbs your *nervous system;* with jumpy nerves often goes an *upset stomach,* in turn affecting the pain in your head—thus making a "vicious circle." Mere single-acting pain relievers may still leave you feeling dull, sickish.

Millions break headache's "vicious circle" with Bromo-Seltzer because it acts *3 ways* at the same time; helps *stop pain, calm nerves, settle stomach.* Next time, try Bromo-Seltzer.*

**Just use as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.*

BROMO-SELTZER

DON'T LET FATIGUE play havoc with looks! Crow's feet appear fast enough without being further hastened by squinting. Two drops of EYE-GENE speedily clears eyes reddened from fatigue, driving, over-indulgence, etc.



JOIN THE THOUSANDS who prefer stainless, hygienic, safe, EYE-GENE. Wash them with this specialist's formula today, and see how refreshed they feel. EYE-GENE is on sale at drug, department, and ten cent stores.

ONE LIGHT BURNING—Continued from Page 25

"A cannonball smashed into his right leg and rolled him off his horse. Some of the infantrymen carried him off the field and placed him under an old cypress. But he was dead. He had probably died in full gallop."

"And I suppose they covered him with the red silk flag."

The old man didn't answer right away. We both sat silent, listening to the call of an owl.

We filled our pipes again, and lit them, with matches, and with flint and steel out of an old tinder box—if that's what it was.

"The flag was lost," he said. "It disappeared in the thick of the fight. Litomiski, who was doing a bit of sword work in another part of the field, missed it. He saw them carry Pulaski by, and noticed that he did not have the flag.

"He wheeled his horse and off he galloped as Pulaski used to gallop. Over the bodies of fighting men, and men who had quit fighting forever. Through the smoke, through the mud and the pools of water and blood, into the thick of the fighting he galloped. Litomiski, not Litomy. Pulaski's first lieutenant."

"And he got the flag?"

"He came back with it. With the flag and a broken sword, and fourteen saber wounds in his body."

"He must have thought a lot of that flag," I said.

☆ THE old man gave me a look that made me shiver.

"Perhaps. But he wasn't fighting for the flag. He was fighting for a principle, an idea—the grandest principle and the grandest idea ever evolved out of the mind of man. The right of all men to liberty—liberty to do the right as God gives them to see the right.

"Of course he thought a lot of that flag, flying there one moment from the tip of Pulaski's lance and hidden the next moment in smoke and struggle. But he didn't give his life for that. He gave it for liberty. He gave it for America."

"Litomiski," I said. And there was music in it again, even the way I said it. Grand, stirring, wonderful music.

"Makes you think, doesn't it?" the old man said.

"Yes."

"Makes you love this country a little bit more, or a whole lot more, doesn't it? A heap of men have died for this country. And a heap more will die for it. Well, it's a country worth dying for, isn't it?"

"Yes. Oh, yes."

We smoked again in silence.

"This smokeless-powder plant," the old man said, standing up and stretching out his arms as though he were weary. "That's pretty important to the defense of this country, isn't it?"

"Yes—mighty important. And a bottleneck in our plans. This is one of the largest, this one near Ramsey. It employs three thousand men or more."

"And you say it was an accident?"

"I said maybe it was. I'm not sure. I wish I were. Nobody's sure."

"And you just came away."

"I just came away. To think things out."

"And the other men? They went away, too—to think things out?"

I couldn't answer that. I didn't want to answer it.

"How many powder plants are there in this country?" he asked.

"Not many. And only a few that produce smokeless powder."

"Your plant is closed. Three thousand men have gone seeking other jobs. And soon other powder plants will close. We need powder, but we won't be able to produce any. And if we are invaded, then what?"

I couldn't answer that question, either. Nor did I want to.

"Indians," he said. "Pirates. Soldiers. Spies. Skulkers. Workers. Traitors. Cowards. The Blue Mountains have seen all sorts; yet they remain constant."

"Cowards?" I said, stung through and through.

"Aye," he answered, and his voice might have been the wind's voice in the cedars, so full of woe it was. "Aye, cowards! Men who shirk when their country needs them, men who put their little lives above the cause of freedom, above the fate of the nation. Would you call them heroes, Charley Litomiski, great-great-great-grandson of a hero?"

I bent my head that he might not see my face. I covered my face with my hands to make doubly sure he might not see how he had wounded me. My pipe dropped. I reached for it after a time, my fingers groping among old dead leaves and bits of rock and dew-wet fern fronds. But I could not find it.

"I am not running away," I said. "I came up here to think things out. Now I have made up my mind. I know what I must do."

I looked up, but I saw no one.

"Hey!" I cried. "Where are you, old-timer?"

☆ BIRDS screamed at me, wakened out of slumber by my voice, frightened and annoyed. But no man answered me.

"Listen," I shouted. "I'm no coward! I'm as good an American as you are. And the men I work with aren't cowards, either. Do you hear? I'll prove it to you. I'll round them up. I'll bring them back to work. They didn't understand that they were soldiers fighting for a cause. Until today they were just workmen working for a living.

"Sure they were afraid, and are afraid. Do you blame them? Washington's troops were afraid, too, at first."

I listened, but there was only the hoot of an owl to answer.

I strode across the rubble on the mountaintop, through the trees, through the patches of wild flowers

and the acres of brush. I went as directly as I could to the camp of the road builders.

"Listen, you old bag of wind!" I shouted. "I'm going back. You hear me?"

I saw him, after a time, sitting in the foreman's shack. He was lighting the wick of a red lantern.

"The torch has gone out in the powder mill," he said. "You must set it ablaze again."

"In the powder mill? Are you crazy, man? A blazing torch in a powder mill?"

"Aye. Of course in the powder mill. Keep it burning. The light's gone out in many places in this world. In Poland. In Denmark. In Norway. In France! Wherever men have ceased to fight.

"Aye, in the powder mill, and in the heart of every American working there. The light born of the spark of a man's voice crying out for liberty or for death. The light made glorious by the blood of brave men, free men, devoted men. That's the one light burning in the world today, Charles Litomiski, that must never go out, though millions die to keep its flame alive."

He held the lantern high and went outside the shanty and hung it on a nail.

"It gets very dark in these Blue Mountains," he said. His voice, that had been raised into a powerful resonant triumphant shout, had sunk to little more than a whisper. "It gets very dark all over the world, at times. It was very dark when God said, 'Let there be light.' And there was light."

"Aye," I said, making his word mine. "I'll strike a light. I'll make the men see things in the right light. I'll take them back to the mill."

And I hurried down the old trail, thinking of noblemen, and ragged Continentals, old muskets and sabers, starved thin horses, gaunt marching men, and Tories, and saboteurs, and courage that conquers all, and a feeble light burning in an old red lantern.

It wasn't hard to get the gang back on the job. But it took a week of talking—talks by day, and long, long talks by night. But it wasn't easy, either. I had to keep on plugging away, that's all.

"What if we are blown up?" I said. "That goes with the job. Are we afraid of the Nazis, the Communists, the enemies who work in the dark? Are we afraid of anything, or of any one, we Americans? What's life if we lose America? And if the powder mill is lost we shall lose America. We can't live forever, can we? But we can live long enough to beat all the enemies of this country, if we're not afraid. Come on, let's go! Let's make powder. We're in the front-line trenches. We're soldiers, and we've got a job to do."

We went back, as you know. We made the old works hum again. We made black smokeless powder. We lost limbs. We lost lives. But we didn't quit. We kept the light burning brightly.

And one day, a Sunday when I had no work to do, I climbed the old Cannonball Trail again and visited the road builders' camp.

There was an old man there in the foreman's shanty, but not the one I had seen.

"Where's the other watchman?" I asked.

"There isn't any other watchman," this old man said.

"But there was. About a month ago. The last time I saw him, he was sitting right where you're sitting now, lighting an old red lantern."

The old man shook his head.

"Never was any other watchman here," he said, "day or night. We don't need one on this job, except on Sunday afternoons. And then it ain't so much a watchman's job as to see that everything's all right—cover stuff in the rain, things like that."

I noted the red lantern hanging from its nail, and called his attention to it.

"Oh, that," he said. "One of the boys dug it up when we first started making road. Nobody knows how old it is. Old as the hills, maybe, if you look at the dirt and sand on it. The foreman hung it there as a sort of good-luck charm, I guess. Nobody's touched it since."

"But he lighted it, I tell you," I said. "I saw him light it!"

"Go 'long with you now," the old man answered me. "There ain't any oil in that lantern, and there ain't any wick. That old relic hasn't been lit in twenty years or more."

THE END

"Look, O'Malley... another one!"

O'MALLEY: *Another what, Callahan?*

CALLAHAN: *Another man that's switched to Goodrich.*

O'MALLEY: *And is that a crime?*

CALLAHAN: *Sure not! And if it were, 'tis half the town would be in jail, I'm thinkin'.*

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MURDER WITH SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

Continued from Page 21

the scene of adventures carefully concealed by the participants. It has been said that when the Union officers occupied Antigua at the invitation of the present occupants' grandfather, to save it from destruction, a lovely lady whose portrait still hangs over the parlor mantel at Tangier used to meet a young captain there secretly, unknown to her mother.

"Lawrence Drayton, the father of the present owner of Antigua, was in the Confederate army. He crept back one night to see the lovely daughter of Tangier, whom he had left with many whispered vows. Finding her at her secret tryst with the dashing young captain, he drew his sword—and they say the eglantine winds luxuriantly out of the earth stained with the crimson tide of the Union officer's heart's blood. It is said that the coolness which marks the relations between Antigua and Tangier also grew from that tragic episode. Notice the chaperon's chair at Antigua and the tin bathtub in the bedroom at Tangier. Both houses are closed on Sundays."

I put the paper down. "Coolness" seemed to me a definite understatement of the relations existing now. Anne had said she'd been devoted to Minot Heywood, so the old fires must have died out, for a while at least, between a very young girl and a lonely old man. He must have thought that by marrying her to Steve he would heal an old wound. That, I thought, would be the great wrong he had talked about in his will.

☆ I LOOKED at my watch. It was after eleven, but in spite of the fact that we'd got up at the crack of dawn to start the last of our journey along the Natchez Trace, I never felt less like going to bed in my life. Nevertheless, I undressed and climbed up into the great Victorian bed with its massive headboard. I lay there for a while listening to the strange muted sounds that creep back into the world when the blatancy of the day has died. Then I got up, slipped on my dressing gown, opened the screen quietly, and went out on the gallery.

I looked down on the garden below me. The light on the polished leaves of the giant magnolia made it look as if it were in blossom. A single firefly moved in the black ring at its base. I watched its tiny bright globe, thinking it was a little early for fireflies, and rather late at night for them too. And then abruptly I realized that it wasn't a firefly at all—it was too red and too constant. It was a cigarette. I watched it intently for a moment. It seemed very curious unless—I thought—whoever was standing there was watching for something.

Then I realized too that I was plainly visible up there on the gallery in the pale phosphorescent light. I moved quickly. As I did I heard the dry brown leaves crackle, and then in the stretch of frosted lawn I saw a man running, absolutely noiselessly, into the shadow of an evergreen and out again into the light, and across the lawn. Then I heard a car start up.

Without being really conscious that I was doing it, I must have turned around, because I was abruptly aware of the single light shining in the house across the dark sunken barrier of the bayou.

That's the way I knew, however reluctantly I was forced to it, that I must already have realized who the silent watcher really was.

I don't know how long I stood there looking across the bayou. I only know that suddenly I saw two long fingers of light reach through the trees over there, and that in a few minutes the

"No, your nose isn't shiny, your slip's not showing, and will you please come on!"

single light in the gallery of Tangier went off. An eerie brooding calm settled over the landscape, the muted night noises crept out again.

"But it couldn't be Steve!" I whispered to myself. "He wouldn't do that sort of thing!"

I went slowly back into my room and had started to climb into bed again when I heard a faint tap at my door. It opened and Cornelia came in, looking exactly like a prospector who'd come unexpectedly on a hidden cache of gold. She closed the door and tiptoed across the room with an unholy gleam in her eye.

"My dear!" she whispered. She was still dressed in her black velvet period costume—though what period I've never known, having seen it do duty in receiving lines from the Daughters of Magna Charta to the Pageant of Tomorrow. "My dear! I've just heard the most extraordinary thing!"

"What is it?" I asked.

"After I came up with Letty and Anne, I remembered I hadn't told Millicent and Cora something, so I went back down to phone them," she said. "And, my dear! The Draytons were in the dining room having supper. I was starved, so I thought I'd go in and they'd ask me to sit down."

"I wouldn't have counted on it," I said.

"Louise! That's very discourteous, when we've forced our way in the way we have. Anyway, I didn't go in. I was just thinking of it when I heard Judge Drayton say, 'If you can't hold your tongue, you ought to leave town till I've settled this.' My dear, he was livid!

"And then Lawrence said, 'I can't make her marry me.' He was angry too. He said, 'When I marry her, by blank'—he said something else—'I'll tell her.' And Judge Drayton cut him right off. 'You're behaving like an underbred puppy, and if you keep on you'll have us in the poorhouse. We'd be there now if it weren't for your Aunt Kate and your Cousin Anne. Now listen to me. I'll attend to young Heywood. All you have to do is keep Anne out of his way. Take her to New Orleans—anything to keep her from talking to him. Do you understand?'"

Cornelia shook out her hair and ran her fingers through it.

"Miss Drayton said, 'We won't get any co-operation from Laetitia—and that young woman that's with her, Mrs. Gould. I think she's very dangerous.' And, my dear, I wouldn't repeat what the judge said. I don't think he likes you very much."

"I imagine not," I said.

"Well, he would if he knew you," Cornelia said kindly. "Anyway, what *do* you suppose it's all about? Who is this young Heywood?"

"He's the young man who's been following us," I said.

"You said his name was Maxwell."

"No; that's what you said."

"Why, Louise! I heard you very plainly. I never make mistakes with names. And, by the way, Louise—have you noticed something?"

"A lot," I replied. "What in particular?"

"Letty's locket," she whispered. "She didn't have it on tonight. I asked Miss Drayton if it was an heirloom, and she said she's never heard of it. *I* believe Letty's hiding it."

"I wouldn't be surprised," I said.

She started for the door.

"Oh, by the way, Millicent and Cora are literally green. I told them we were stopping at Antigua, and they *nearly* died. They're paying eight dollars a day apiece, and the house they're in is picturesque, and there's a quaint old chatelaine, but they couldn't be more uncomfortable. They're staying at a place called Tangier."

She glanced at the door.

"I think I'll go back along the gallery. I have an idea one of them might have heard me down there. You know how these old steps are."

I was to wonder for several days whether that precaution wasn't very fortunate indeed for me.

☆ AS Cornelia and I were leaving Antigua next morning to do the old houses, Anne came out of the drawing room.

She smiled at us. "Good morning. I

hope our ghost didn't bother you. He roams around in the garden wearing a Union cap and tripping over his saber. . . . What's the matter, Louise? Did you see him?"

"No," I said. "I slept too soundly."

It did come as a little shock to me, nevertheless.

Anne looked simply charming. She had on a brown alpaca gown with the same wide hoops but a snugly fitting bodice with long tight sleeves and a demure turned-over collar with a big cameo pin at the throat. Her hair was still piled in its shining coronet of curls on top of her lovely head, and she looked for all the world like an irrepressible little girl playing schoolmarm.

"You'd better wipe that lipstick off," I said. "Whoever wore that dress never even heard of it."

"And probably died an old maid," she said gaily. "Are you coming to Melrose?"

"Yes," I said. "We'll see you there."

In the car Cornelia looked at me. "I think some one should warn that girl," she said. "I don't like that young man's looks. I wish my stepson Alec was here. She's the kind of girl I'd like *him* to marry."

"I'm rooting for Steve Heywood," I said. It was wonderful, I thought, what a good night's sleep will do for one. Now that morning was here, I'd convinced myself that Steve no doubt had a very good and adequate reason for skulking around the lawns at Antigua. And, anyway, maybe it wasn't Steve.

"You mean Maxwell," Cornelia said. "I don't think that would be suitable at all."

We let it go at that, and it wasn't until late that afternoon that Steve's name bobbed up again.

☆ MELROSE is one of the most beautiful and perfect places I've ever seen. Miss Letty and I had come, with Lusby driving us. The stately white columns of the portico and the simple gracious doorway didn't entirely prepare me for its really handsome and perfect interior. Nor, of course, for the shock of seeing Cornelia at the barrier across the back parlor saying, "We who love Natchez think Melrose is its crowning jewel."

She saw me and put out her hand.

"Louise," she whispered. She had that don't-look-now-but intensity in her eye. "He's here again. I think it's Anne he's following now. And Louise—I have something to tell you. I'll be through in a few minutes."

I glanced along the wide hall. Steve Heywood was standing there, as much at home as Cornelia herself, listening with elaborate seriousness to the description of the library. Behind him was Cornelia's friend Millicent—Mrs. J. Philander Storm, I'd learned at lunch—and not far from her was Cornelia's friend Cora—Mrs. Samuel Johnson. I moved back a little to where I could see the hostess. It was Anne Drayton. She was telling the group about a candle shield on the mahogany desk, and there was a bright

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pink spot on each cheek and a smolder in her eyes that looked as if it could easily blaze up any minute. All her conscious efforts were obviously bent on ignoring the large young man leaning against the door. She finished about the candle shield and came back toward me.

Millicent—or probably I should say Mrs. Storm—leaned over the cord across the doorway and pointed to a table.

"I have a table just like that," she announced. "A man from the Metropolitan Museum in New York offered me ten thousand dollars for it, but I wouldn't take it. I'm sorry I didn't now."

She put her hand out and touched Anne's dress.

"I have a whole trunk of old dresses like that in my attic being eaten up by moths. But I must say, my dear, you look simply charming in it. It's very flattering, isn't it, Cora?"

Cora said Yes it was.

"Do you suppose," Steve remarked blandly, "that they're as beautiful in sweaters and skirts?"

☆ THE two spots in Anne's cheeks were a brilliant scarlet.

"And I beg your pardon, miss," he went on, "but what did you say the bookcases were made of?"

The pilgrims were moving away.

"Mahogany," Anne said with exasperated calm; "for the sixth time. And now, if you don't mind, will you please go on to another house?"

"I'm only interested in Melrose," Steve said amiably.

"Then please move along to another room so somebody else can see something."

"But I'm only interested in libraries."

"It was dining rooms a while ago," Anne said icily.

"It's libraries now." He couldn't have been more imperturbable. "By the way, did I tell you my Aunt Selina has a desk just like that?"

"And the Metropolitan offered her a hundred thousand dollars for it, I suppose."

Millicent and Cora had gone out through the back gallery.

"No, that was her table like the one in the dining room," Steve said. "The desk was two hundred thousand."

A quick smile flashed in her eyes and was gone instantly.

"She wouldn't take it, of course," she said coolly.

Steve grinned.

"Right. But she's sorry now."

In the novels of the period for which she was dressed Anne would have tapped her little foot impatiently on the floor. She didn't now, but the effect was the same.

"You know, Mr. Heywood," she said with icy sweetness, "I think you ought to be very much interested in the parlor furniture too. I'm sure your Aunt Selina wouldn't want you to miss it. Wouldn't you like to step inside?"

"I'd be charmed—Miss Drayton, I believe, isn't it?"

She unhooked the cord across the door and held it aside. As he went in, she stepped back and hooked it across the door again.

"Mrs. Cartwright!" she called.

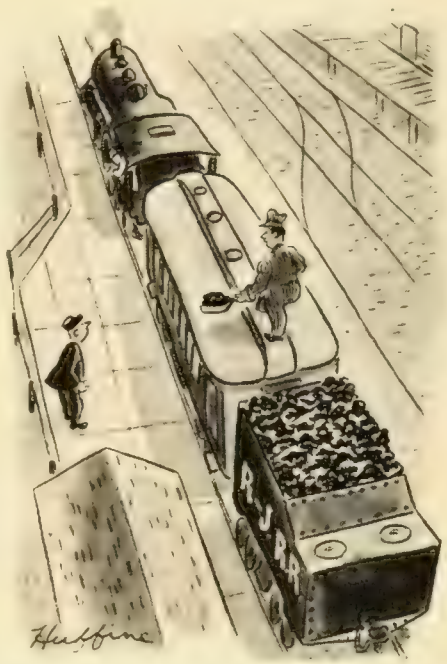
Cornelia, resting a moment on the brocatelle sofa just through the great double doors, rose, blossoming graciously.

"Hey!" Steve whispered. "This is a foul trick!"

"This gentleman is an interior decorator, Mrs. Cartwright," Anne said. "He's so interested. He's been around for hours. Won't you show him the parlors?"

Cornelia took one look at Steve. Her lips tightened. "Oh," she said. "Mr. Maxwell."

Anne looked surprised for an instant.



"The engineer's mad at me again today."

"Do keep him a long time," she said. "Good-by, Mr.—?"

"Heywood," said Steve pleasantly. "Good-by, Miss Drayton."

I don't know why I hadn't realized I wasn't the only interested person looking on. I did then, just as Anne turned with a smile flickering in her eyes and in the corners of her red lips. Judge Drayton had come in through the back gallery and was standing in the door, very definitely not amused.

He took a step forward. "Anne," he said, "run along and get your things. Your Aunt Kate isn't well. I'm afraid you'll have to take her to New Orleans to the doctor in the morning."

"Oh, dear!" Her voice fell, and I saw her uncle glance at her sharply. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean that. Of course I'll take her. I won't be a minute."

She ran upstairs. Judge Drayton came over to where I was examining the famous table whose inlaid emeralds and rubies the Northern soldiers had picked out and taken away.

"Our attempts to protect our jewels haven't always been successful you see, Mrs. Gould," he said evenly.

"The attempt has always been valiant," I replied.

He gave me a wintry smile. "I think that one may say so," he answered softly.

Cornelia came out of the drawing room just then, and Judge Drayton moved away.

"I don't think that young man has ever been in a civilized house before," she said crossly. "And, by the way, I'm staying to supper."

"Was that what you wanted to tell me?"

"Oh, no." She looked around quickly. "My dear, it's about Anne. I've found out all about what the judge meant. I'll tell you later. And Letty's locket—I've found out about that too. I saw a picture of it. She left her bag in the car, and the locket was in it, and I opened it. Ssssh! Here she comes. I'll tell you later."

I don't think I've ever been so furious in my life. I looked at Miss Letty coming out of the dining room. Her gentle face was flushed and she looked very pleased.

"Oh, Letty dear," Cornelia said, "Lusby will take you and Louise home. I'm staying on."

"But . . . I've been asked to stay too," Miss Letty said, a little frightened, I thought, that perhaps Cornelia wasn't going to allow it.

"That's very nice, I'm sure," Cornelia said stiffly. "Lusby can take you, Louise. Be sure he's back in time for me to change."

☆ I WENT out on the front gallery, still boiling mad. As I started down the steps I saw Steve sitting there in his old car.

"Hullo," he said. "I've been waiting for you. What about having some chow with me?"

"I'd love it," I said.

He looked at me curiously. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing—just all the things I didn't have the chance to say to Cornelia Cartwright."

I'm very glad, now, that I didn't say them, for that was the last time I saw Cornelia Cartwright alive. Incredible as it was, some time between the hour that I was eating catfish and mustard greens with Steve Heywood at the hotel and the end of the miracle play at the colored church where Anne and I were saving a seat that she never came to occupy, Cornelia disappeared. When they found her, she was dead. The bayou that slashed between Tangier and Antigua was stained crimson with her blood, as it had been stained with the heart's blood of the dashing captain three quarters of a century ago.

They had found her, and they had sent for her stepson to come, before Anne and I got back at midnight.

Who killed Cornelia? And why? Had she found out the secret of Letty's locket? Had she stumbled on a clue to a plot hatched by Judge Drayton and his son against Anne's interests? The cloud of mystery thickens in the coming chapter as dark suspicion hovers over the occupants of Antigua and Tangier.

BEVERLY HILLS' MOVIE GUIDE—Continued from Page 7

★ ★ ★ THE BIG STORE

The three Marx brothers—Groucho, Chico, and Harpo—say this will be their last comedy as a team. It isn't their best by any means, but it has amusingly wacky moments and a smash farce chase finish.

The frantic plot revolves around a large city department store, the scoundrelly manager of which is trying to keep handsome Tommy Rogers (done by Tony Martin) from inheriting his half of the establishment. Groucho, at the moment running a crazy detective agency, becomes Tommy's comedy bodyguard, Chico and Harpo help, and again there's Margaret Dumont, this time as Tommy's half sister, as the object of Groucho's amorous attentions. There are three musical numbers, none too tuneful, done in conventional stage fashion, the plot reasserts itself every now and then, Chico plays the piano, Harpo again tackles the harp to swing Mozart in an elaborate interlude. But, more important, all three Marxes have their moments in the bed department of the big store, in a comedy chase up and down in elevators, finally they achieve top speed in a frantic pursuit on roller skates and bicycles through the aisles of the establishment.

The comedy has dull stretches—but it has laughs plus a smash climax. Somehow, I regret to report, the Marxian methods seem more than a bit dated.

Groucho, whose real cognomen is Julius, is the youngest of the Marx brothers, Chico is the oldest. Harpo, otherwise Arthur, never had a music lesson, nor can he read a note of music, for all his able harp strumming. Chico started life with the name of Leonard. He's rather proud of his authorship of a book on bridge.

This is the eleventh Marx comedy in exactly eleven years. And, if you're still interested in figures, this is Margaret Dumont's fifteenth year as hardy, perennial foil for Groucho's mad wooing on stage and screen. Which is our idea of tops in endurance.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Major Barbara, Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X.

★★★—Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, I Wanted Wings, That Night in Rio, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

MURDER GIVES A LOVELY LIGHT, by John Stephen Strange.

Overdose of digitalis, unsuspected until an anonymous letter tips Lieutenant Honegger, is fatal to the gracious invalid head of an old New York family. The lieutenant is shown as a competent cop, not an elegant super-sleuth, and the author does not take recourse in lethal gadgetry or improbable motivation. For that matter, Strange, if that is his real moniker, is a better writer than many more pretentious. If you "don't like mysteries," try this.

"This one is just a decoy—I swing at that, and then I'm sure to hit the other one."

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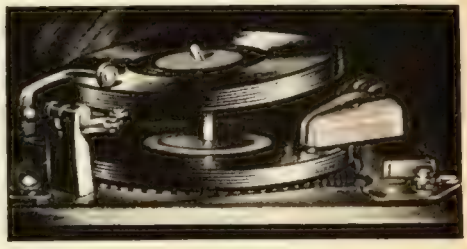

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FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HER—Continued from Page 30

with a little grin in his eyes. She saw suddenly that he hated his job and the people he met. He had nothing but contempt for them, and if they weren't outright fools he would do his best to make them appear so.

"It depends . . ." Jo said.

Her voice was weak and for the moment her eyesight was blurred. She stared at the clustering circle of faces about her, trying to find the only two she knew. But it seemed that they had all coalesced, leaving nothing but watching, unmatched eyes.

"Would you say that it depends on what person you spent the twenty-four hours with?" he asked politely. There was a teasing quality to his tone then, as though he were coaching a child. "You'd say 'yes,' wouldn't you?" he asked.

"Yes," Jo said automatically. "That is . . . I'd say . . . 'yes.'"

"I see. Well, tell me, who'd you spend the twenty-four hours with, Miss Lang? That is, if you can remember."

She could have slapped him for his tone.

"I spent the time with different people," Jo replied. "But most of the time I've been alone."

"I see."

It was his response to every answer, the two syllables in a falling cadence. There was no meaning to it; it was more of an accent on her answer. It took the trivial sense of her words, underlined it, and held it up very gravely to all the listeners as an example of what this person was capable.

"You know why I'm here, don't you, Miss Lang? I mean, you know what our program is about?"

"No," said Jo; "I'm not sure that I do."

"I see; you're not sure." The voice was caressing and gentle, the way a comedian strokes a clown's face before slapping it. "Well, Miss Lang, this program is called Teddy Halloran's Daily Census of Love. Now, I come here every day for an hour and stop a few friends for a chat. I ask them a few questions about themselves because the radio audience wants to know about people. Now, my sponsors, the Continental Loan Company, are very softhearted, sentimental people. They want their customers to know what makes the world go round. And that's love, Miss Lang. Are you with me?"

A suppressed giggle came from the crowd. Halloran paused for breath, and ignored Jo as he went on:

"I see that you are. Well, Miss Lang, we—that is, my sponsors, the Continental Loan Company, I, and these good people here—would like to know if you have a boy friend. Do you?"

He waited a moment, too short a time for Jo to answer, before he began to prod her with his gentle voice, filled apparently with good-humored intent:

"Don't be afraid to speak up. After all, you can act very hoity-toity about it and pretend that you don't."

The faces around her were distinct now, but they served merely as a background for two sets of watching eyes. The tall man and his companion stood on the fringe of the crowd as stolidly as though they were gateposts marking the way she would have to leave. And then she realized that there *was* a way out; that Teddy Halloran too could be used!

"Yes," Jo said quietly. "I do have a boy friend."

"I see," Halloran said slowly. "He's not that high-school boy, is he?"

"Oh, no. He's an engineer and his name is Dick. . . . Dick Stowe."

"Well, well, well! Up until now, getting you to say something was like pulling teeth, but you have no trouble talking about this Dick Stowe. What's he like?"

"Oh, he's very nice," Jo said, speaking carefully and clearly. "He's really very nice, and I was foolish enough not to realize it."

"I know. You had a fight with him." Halloran was enjoying himself immensely, Jo could see. "What was the fight about? Who started it?"

"It was all my fault," Jo answered. "And I'm sorry, really sorry. If he were here now, I'd tell him so."

"Would you? Well, I wouldn't be surprised if one of our listeners were

Warning! An Epidemic of HOLIDAY HAIR

Golfers Have It—Whether you spend your week ends picking off pars or in the rough makes little difference to your hair. It's the sun and wind that counts—and leaves golf fans with holiday hair like this.

Sailors Have It—On the high seas, a swinging boom isn't the only thing that raises ned with your head! Salt sea spray makes hair sticky—glaring summer sun bakes it dry. Daily use of Kreml helps overcome dryness.

Swimmers Have It—Water lovers plunge right in and say it's fine. Maybe so, but *not* for the hair. Waves wash away natural oils of the scalp—replace them with salt and sand. Kreml makes hair look well groomed.

Kreml Users Have "It"—Some say sparking in the moonlight is the best sport of all. To score in this game you've got to have hair that's lustrous, soft to the touch, not dry or greasy. For hair like this use Kreml daily.

WHEN the sun, wind, and water dry out your hair, use Kreml, the famous tonic-dressing. Gives hair that neat, clean, lustrous look — not sticky or greasy. Removes dandruff scales—checks excessive falling hair.

Women tell us that Kreml puts the hair in splendid condition for a permanent—makes permanents look lovelier.

Ask for Kreml at your drug store or barber shop.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses thoroughly, rinses out quickly, leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

DON'T USE WATER — USE

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

to call him up and tell him about it. There must be at least a hundred people listening in who'd be willing to play Cupid with their own nickels. What did you say his name is?"

"His name is Stowe . . . Dick Stowe," Jo said, looking into the microphone. "He works for the Corbus Aviation Company and I'll give you his telephone number."

She reached into her bag for the envelope flap, and read the telphone number aloud very carefully, repeating it once again to be sure.

"And you can say to him that I'm waiting here on the northwest corner of Broadway and Forty-seventh Street, and that I don't intend to move from this spot until he gets here. Only, ask him to hurry, please."

☆ "YOU'RE in such a rush, you must be terribly sorry," said Halloran. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No, thank you; I'm afraid not. Do you really think that somebody will call Dick?"

"Of course I do. You ought to know the great listening audience. Somebody's bound to. After all, that's the theory on which this broadcast is based. There's nothing people love so much as minding somebody else's business. Now, my sponsors are only human, too. They want to mind your business for you."

He was speaking carefully now, with deep conviction. He made little conversational gestures to drive home his point.

"Your business troubles are bound to be money troubles, and that's where the Continental Loan Company comes in."

He turned again to Jo.

"Do you want to read that number again? Tell him to hurry, so that we can all see this lovely reunion. If he gets here soon enough, we can broadcast it." He looked around at the crowd. "You'd listen to anything, wouldn't you?"

The audience wasn't insulted at all. They had no reason to be, because what he said was true. They just thought there was something very funny about the way he said it, and they all laughed.

Teddy Halloran looked at his wrist watch and then glanced up at the engineer on top of the truck. He made a signal with his hands, and Teddy nodded his head. All the time, he continued to talk about his sponsor, never losing the rhythm of his banter. He took Jo by the arm and turned to her.

"We were very glad to have you with us, Miss Jo Lang," he said. "We hope your boy friend shows up too. If he doesn't . . . well, I'm here every day, and perhaps we can talk about it. What do you say?"

Again the empty laughter was passed around the circle. Before Jo could answer, Halloran had pushed her back into the crowd, so that she now stood facing the man and woman. They hadn't moved, and now they weren't even looking at her.

Once again their faces gave them the protection of mediocrity. There wasn't even the faintest shadow in their expressions that would lead any one to suspect that murder was their business.

Halloran picked on a laughing old man this time.

"Hey, you with the hat on," Halloran said. He brought him over to the microphone. "Where does a guy your age come off wearing a hat like that?"

The man shook, he chuckled so hard.

"The salesman told me that it looked very youthful," he replied. He had a very mannered voice, but his dignity was untouched. He went on answering Halloran's boorish banter with perfect equanimity.

Jo stood there, not even listening to the inane chatter. She was sure that some one would call Dick, just on the basis of Halloran's analysis of the situation. The only disquieting thing was that the two people seemed undisturbed. They had heard what she said. No matter how garbled the message, as soon as Dick heard that she was waiting for him on the corner of Forty-seventh Street and Broadway he would know that something was wrong and come. Perhaps he didn't represent a direct threat to the couple, but at least he could get her away from them. And even if he couldn't, Jo would still feel a lot safer with him than she would alone.

☆ HALLORAN had finished with the elderly man, who stood by the microphone staring at the announcer with a downcast expression, as though he hoped that the interview might continue. He kept his eyes wistfully on Halloran, waiting for a sudden gesture in his direction which would mean that he could talk about himself once more.

". . . And there, my friends and listeners, you have it. As the minute hand approaches the end of its circle, we turn our ghastly faces homeward and bid fond farewells to our little slice of life. Remember the Continental Loan Company. Bring them your troubles and you go away with their cash. So long!"

As he finished he nodded to the engineer, who waved his hand back to him and nodded.

"O. K., Ted; you're dead."

He began to pull in the cable as Halloran walked over with the microphone.

The audience moved after him as though he were the apex of a teardrop. They drifted past Jo slowly after their Pied Piper. The show for them was not yet over. There was still the multitude of small details to watch: the hoisting of the boom and cables; the truck with the impressive-looking apparatus inside; the business of slamming the door, of starting the motor, and edging out into traffic.

All this was worth seeing, and as they moved over to the curb they left three people staring at each other: Jo, the man, and the woman. Out of the corner of her eye Jo could see the truck being loaded and then move off.

She didn't look at this directly, or at the people who now dispersed; she kept her eyes on the couple, standing about ten feet from her.

A few of those who had been listening walked away with slight smiles at her as if in apology for the fact that they couldn't wait with her. They were her friends now, and they wished her well; but you see how it is . . . something else to do; let me know what happens.

In the space of several minutes she was all alone with the couple again, and nobody was around who had ever seen her before.

There was no sign of Dick at all, and now she realized how foolish she had been to hope that he might come. The chance that he ever got her message was one in a thousand; and even if he had received it, it would still take time for him to get here. There was no place for her to go, because, assuming that Dick was on his way, this was the only place he knew where to find her. If she should move from this corner, they would be separated for good.

And as each second ticked off, the impossibility of remaining became clearer—especially when she saw that the two people had started for her. If she remained, ran the choice, there was the slight possibility that Dick might come. If she moved—and she would have to—that chance would be lost.

In spite of herself, and before she could come to any rational decision of her own, Jo found that she was moving. Involuntarily she was beginning to retreat. At each step forward the others took, she took one step back. It was impossible to remain still and see that intent, coldly purposeful expression in their eyes. Nobody passing would notice, because it was focused most intensely on her.

☆ SHE turned on her heel and resumed her flight up Broadway. Nothing had been gained from her delay except that Dick was being called out on a fool's errand.

The measured reserve that she had before, which permitted her to walk along only as fast as the rest of the pedestrians, was gone. She had lost control of herself. Jo walked rapidly now, almost running when possible.

But the main impediment to her flight was the ever-present realization that not only was she running away from the two people at her back, but also from Dick. She knew that she had to stop some place as near as possible to the corner, so that she might see him if he came along. A quarter of the way up the street, she found a temporary lookout that would be safe.

It was a game emporium called the House of Fun and Laughter. A record machine blurred out of a loud-speaker near the door. In one window Jo could see something that looked like a shooting gallery, and in the other

were rows of chess and checker tables. There was a steady flow of customers going in and out.

The store was quite deep, and in the back she could see rows of pinball machines with flashing lights. Down the center ran old-fashioned movie boxes, and behind them was a taffy and popcorn booth with flaming neon lights above it. There were only men in the place, most of them young, and a sprinkling of boys. They wandered from game to game with serious, intent faces, spending a nichel here, a dime there, a penny in another place.

Two pimply-faced boys with sweaters saying De Witt Clinton hung over the record machine. They were listening to a very complicated clarinet version of a simple melody, and they said nothing. They were content. Men were lined up at the shooting gallery, but there was neither noise nor the sharp smell of powder. Jo walked closer and saw that the guns weren't real. They flashed a momentary light on a moving target, and when the light hit the right spot on a flying duck, or what was called a "Fifth Column Parachutist," a bell would ring and numbers flash on a screen.

At the far end was a curious-looking gun with enormous sights and a short fat barrel. It was supposed to be an antiaircraft gun, and small airplanes dived and soared on a translucent screen. It made a sullen spitting sound, and one man seemed to specialize in it. He had his hat shoved to the back of his head. A cigarette hung from his lips as he coolly destroyed every plane that zoomed across the screen.

Jo walked back to the other window, and as she passed the door she saw the two people at a newsstand across the sidewalk. They were intent on the covers, and the woman bought herself a confession story.

☆ JO decided that the best place for her was at this window. Then she could watch outside and see the corner as the crowds would break up for a moment, only to re-form somewhere else.

All the checker games were being played. Only the chess table was vacant. A sign near the ceiling said:

TWO GAMES FOR FIFTEEN CENTS. IF YOU WIN, YOU GET A FREE GAME.

An undersized young man, barely in his twenties, and only vaguely in a mustache, was the house player. He sat listlessly in his chair, reading a racing form. Jo sat down and laid a quarter on the table. She adjusted her chair so that she had the best possible view outside. From this point she could also watch her two followers.

The young fellow looked up at her with surprise.

"You want to play?"

"That's right," Jo said. She stared past him and watched the man and woman watching her. "There's my money."

"O. K." He gave her change. "It's not very often that girls come in to play."

"I'm not very good at chess," said Jo. "But I know the moves and I'm in just the mood for a couple of good games."

He looked at her doubtfully, and then turned the board around so that she had the white men.

"I'll let you go first," he said.

Jo stared at the board, trying to remember what the game was all about. Even in her best chess days she hardly knew. She found herself moving the king's pawn two boxes. It came as a reflex, since she had long ago forgotten even the moves.

☆ LOOKING out toward the corner, she saw the mass of people waiting for the light again, and there was a momentary lack of congestion behind them. The street was clear and there was no sign of a young man who in any way resembled Dick.

"You move."

"Do I?" Jo looked down at the board. "What'd you do?"

"My king's pawn."

"Naturally," said Jo. She stared down at the board, wondering what next to do. Nothing came back to her. The wooden pieces, battered and scraped, stood there waiting. A horse, Jo remembered, moves in a hook. Besides, she recalled now, it was a good thing to get your men out. With a righteous feeling she moved the queen's horse, and then looked up. Outside, at the newsstand, there was only the man. The woman had disappeared.

Jo twisted in her seat to see if she might be in the store behind her.

"Move!" The chess player sounded exasperated.

The woman was nowhere to be seen in the crowd at her back, and yet, as Jo returned to the board, she had an uneasy feeling that things were going on. The board looked the same as before.

"I moved my queen," he explained. "It's here . . . in the king's bishop's row."

Jo found a piece, her own king's bishop, and moved it diagonally.

"You can't go there."

"Why not?"

Jo didn't care whether she could or not, but his impatience was annoying.

"For the very simple reason that I'll take it with a pawn. Move it back one space," he advised Jo.

The man was still alone outside. He was standing so that he was facing uptown. He held up a tabloid so that the war headlines screamed at her. She couldn't see his face, only his hat. By this time, Jo knew that thoroughly. The snap of the brim, the dents in the crown, and even the shape of the band were indelibly impressed on her mind, making this one gray hat different from all others.

As Jo moved her piece back she was aware of the sounds at her back—the noise of shuffling feet, and above it the murmur of voices and the band's racket, had an ominously confusing sound, as though something were deliberately being hidden.

She started to turn around, but the bored voice stopped her.

"You move," the chess player said wearily. "I've brought out my king's bishop."

The odd unordered pattern of pieces and squares waited for her to solve the puzzle she couldn't even see.

"That's exactly the move I wanted you to make," Jo replied curtly. Her hand hovered indecisively above the men. If a chess game had one virtue, it was that it took a long time to play, and that was all Jo asked. "You seem to have forgotten," she went on—and for some reason she couldn't fathom her tone was biting—"I still have my knights." She moved the piece so that it threatened his bishop. "What about that?"

He looked at her with his mouth hanging slack. He was examining her face for her intentions. Then he clamped his lips together in a disgusted line and moved his queen across the board with a swift motion. He snapped the pawn in his path away and set the queen down.

"Check and mate," he said sourly. "Now, what were you saying about that knight?"

The impasse faced her. There wasn't the slightest possibility of escape; she saw that immediately. She felt a little foolish.

"All right; that's one for you," she said weakly. "It always seemed to me, though, that these games lasted longer."

"They do . . . for chess players," he told her. "You ought to study a book before you begin to throw good money away."

"You just play with me," Jo said. "I'm having fun."

The crowds surged past the window, but Dick wasn't there. The huge man still stood alone outside by the newsstand.

The board was set up again. It took him five moves this time, five jabs on the board, and he won.

☆ "Well, that's that," Jo said. "Let's play two more."

"No." He was very final about it. He pushed his chair away from the table and picked up his racing form.

"What do you mean, 'no'?" Jo asked. "I'll pay for it."

"Listen," he said patiently. "You're not even enjoying this. I don't have to play with you, you know. You're spoiling business. There are plenty of customers who know how to play and like it. Why spoil their fun?"

Before answering him, Jo turned around once more to look behind her. The woman was in the rear of the store. Jo could see her talking to one of the men who worked in the place.

Is the man in the game emporium in league with Jo's enemies? How can she escape now? Did Dick get her message? If so, will he come in time to help her? The sinister chase continues in the next thrilling chapter. Don't miss it!

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

☆ OTHER stations may not be like this one, but here a large percentage of the noncommissioned authority seems to be in the hands of youths barely of voting age—or less. Isn't it only natural that a man of thirty or over should feel a little instinctive resentment? These kids never heard of the old Army philosophy that a soldier's private life, particularly at night, is his own as long as he performs his duty, on duty. I'm over thirty, but *I* don't happen to be one of the service headaches, because I can treat Little Willie with the respect due his two or three stripes without taking Little Willie too seriously. But I can sympathize with other men of my age who are not so adaptable. Anyway, I still like my outfit and I get along swell. Just moaning.

Pvt. H. W. G.,
Camp McQuaide, Calif.

With my gray hairs I can sympathize . . . to some extent . . . but since when did the difference of a few years in age determine the quality of a noncom's brains, ability, or courage? You can't *buy* experience, of course, but I'd rather have the right twenty-one over me than the wrong thirty-five. Incidentally, how does it happen that a guy who can write such an intelligent letter as yours doesn't wear stripes? Huh?

What would make nice gifts for the boys who have gone or are going, things that would be both enjoyable and useful? I'm sure we all would appreciate your advice.

A Mother,
North Hollywood, Calif.

Glad to oblige, Mother, with a list of things the men themselves have told me they'd prefer. It can be enlarged indefinitely, but these are staples and I don't think you'll go wrong if you make your selection from it. Lots of mail, which is the finest gift of all; handkerchiefs; books of stamps; pocketknife; the home-town paper; fountain pen and automatic pencil; watch, shockproof and waterproof; portable radio, the smaller the better; cigarette lighter; candy, preferably home-made and wrapped in oiled paper; cake and cookies, but not the squashy kind; tobacco in whatever form he prefers it; . . . or a subscription to Liberty. (Advt.)

I wanted to attend one of the new Officer Candidate Schools in July, and I was assured of the necessary recommendations, but my application was not granted because I had not had six months' service prior to the date of my request. Don't you think that's splitting hairs, Sarge?

Corp. J. H. C.,
Camp Edwards, Mass.

Well, the line had to be drawn somewhere, but the brass hats must have agreed with you: the War Department announced in June that the qualifications had been modified "to require a warrant officer or enlisted man to have only six months in active Federal service *on the date of opening of the course* for which application is made." Too bad for you that the new ruling wasn't made sooner, but try for the next school.

My wife is in acute need of expert legal advice but she can't afford to go to a high-priced lawyer and I've told her not to go to any shyster. I'm over a thousand miles away from her now and I can't attend to the matter for her as I would if I were home. Can you help, Sarge?

Pvt. G. H. M., Camp Shelby, Miss.

The American Bar Association has three voluntary agencies which provide free legal services for soldiers and their families who are financially unable to obtain them. Tell your wife to go to one of the following, depending upon the size of the place where she lives. (1) The Advisory Board for Registration, of which there's at least one in each county. (2) The State Committee on National Defense, functioning as a local committee in each city of 20,000 or over in most states. (3) The Legal Aid Clinic, if it's a large metropolitan center, operating under the supervision of the local Bar Association.

I would like to know why, in this up-to-date Army, the utensils with which the men eat are not thoroughly sterilized. My son recently came home from camp with a very sore throat and a threat of bronchitis and said half the men in his company had the same. He told me the dishes were dipped in hot but not boiling water, because they had to be dipped by hand. With all the billions being tossed off for defense, it certainly seems to me this condition should be corrected and the boys protected from obvious sources of infection.

Dr. J. H. B., Shawnee, Okla.

I agree with you entirely. At Camp Wolters, Texas, Brigadier General W. H. Simpson, the camp commander, has issued orders that all dishes and utensils must be thoroughly washed, carefully rinsed in hot water, *immersed in boiling water for at least one minute*, then allowed to air-dry. That should be made standard practice for all camps.

This is not a complaint and my sole purpose is to ease the minds of parents as to the medical care given their boys. I had an appendectomy two weeks ago and nearly contracted pneumonia, but due to the excellent care of the surgeon and nurses I was out of bed on the tenth day, as scheduled, and am now recovering rapidly. And I'm to have a furlough for full recuperation. I hope by this letter to have shown a part of my appreciation for what was done for me.

Pvt. J. H., Fort Sill, Okla.

"Well, I don't know—only one pair of pants with it, eh?"

That's a fine testimonial and I print it to further the purpose for which it was written: your thanks to the medical personnel of Fort Sill and good news for the parents whose sons are in the Army.

SENTRY: According to this pass you're a day late.

RECRUIT: Darn that sergeant! He told me you couldn't read.

SENTRY: The dirty so-and-so—he promised he wouldn't tell!

Fort Ord Panorama, Calif.

TO THE *Ladies*

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

☆ "WHEN you get up off the ground after an air raid, the first thing you do is look for runs in your stockings. New stockings are so impossibly scarce. . . . Next you touch up your lips, but with utmost economy, since rationing laws allow only two lipsticks per year. . . . Then you force yourself to withstand the temptation of talking about your experience. The worst social error you can commit is to be a bomb bore." . . .

These impressions from wartime England were told to me, as you must have guessed, by a lady. She is the Marchioness of Queensberry, here to exhibit her paintings for the R. A. F. Benevolent Fund—attractive portraits and flower pieces, signed Cathleen Mann, her maiden name. The only war picture is an unfinished sketch of the bombing of St. James' Church, Piccadilly—unfinished because she was stopped by the bobbies while doing it. Too dangerous. . . . Her husband, a government man, inherited the title once held by that famous Marquis of Queensberry who formalized boxing rules. . . . Says Lady Queensberry: "Englishwomen seem smarter in uniform than ever in feminine garb. London's Cockney women refuse to stay evacuated; they detest rural life; they sneak back into town, no matter how hard the bombing. At fashionable restaurants like the Savoy Grill, sometimes a lady loses her nerve and screams during a raid. Nobody speaks, but all eyebrows lift, including those of the waiters. In our British women's service units we are permitted to lacquer our fingernails pink but not red. As soon as I reached America I lacquered mine bright crimson!"

☆ AN artistic job of poaching on army finery has been put over by a girl I know. Her husband is in camp. She sent him a gold mesh belt—with instructions. He sent it back studded with regimental insignia of enamel and metal—gorgeous trinkets of colorful variety, meant to be worn on the lapels of dress uniforms. Prongs on the pretty things attach them to a lady's belt as easy as pie—*if* you can get hold of some.

☆ SUNBURNED on brow and nose, a young lady of my acquaintance won new admiration from a man with whom she took an afternoon horseback ride. When her burn began to fade, she touched it up day by day with rouge. An ash from his cigarette smudged her face. He rubbed it off with his handkerchief, and off with it came her outdoor coloring, so she had to confess the trickery. Now he thinks she's cuter than ever. . . . All girls like to be liked. Some men like to be fooled!

"I'm beginning to catch on now. I'll bid three no spades!"

☆ HOME-STAYERS long to eat à la Ritz, while hotel habitués yearn for their own cooking. Across the street from the Stork Club, in New York's dine-and-dance district, there's a new sort of place with a cook-it-yourself kitchen at your disposal, if that's what you want. You pay for the ingredients of your meal. Pans, plates, utensils, stove, etc., are furnished. I've seen glamorous Victor Mature with an apron on, preparing a dish with a good deal of ketchup in it for eight friends. A deb at another stove was proving she really and truly could make *cuddled* eggs, as she termed them. And Glenda Farrell of the movies came in to fry onions for her husband. However, it's generally the men who insist upon showing off their culinary skill. One very elegant old gent arrives every evening at ten to boil himself a cup of milk. He resides at an expensively magnificent hotel around the corner—but declares *no* fancy chef can boil milk to suit him.

☆ KEEP eight porch guests cool and satisfied with this extra good *Scandinavian Summer Salad*. . . . Combine 2 cups crab meat, 2 diced apples, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 2 cups cold diced potatoes, 1 tablespoon minced onion, ½ cup chopped celery, ½ cup chopped green pepper, 1 cup scalded seedless raisins. For dressing, carefully stir in 1 cup mayonnaise mixed with ½ cup whipped cream, squeeze of lemon juice, salt, and pepper. Chill and serve with ripe olives, hot rolls.

☆ IF you're one of the many women enchanted by mystic Hindu metaphysics, you'll love Thomas Mann's new book, The Transposed Heads. (Published by Alfred A. Knopf.)

☆ A SEASON or so ago we had a big argument on this page between wives who admire their husbands' hats and wives who don't. Last month Jimmy Jemail, New York Daily News inquiring fotographer, asked for thumbs up or down on those soft straw hats men are wearing in new tan tones, some with startling bands. The answers were varied but passionate. How about you? Are you for or against 'em?

HOW DARLAN SOLD OUT FRANCE TO HITLER

Continued from Page 23

impose terms which had only the interests of the Reich for a basis. It had then been his intention to annex to Germany all French territory north of the River Somme, including the Channel ports of Dunkirk, Boulogne, and Calais, as well as the industrial cities of Lille, Armentières, Arras, and Cambrai. But that had been when Vichy was on the point of turning pro-British. Today, Hitler said, he was more generous. He was interested in establishing an equitable New Order in Europe rather than in making the vanquished pay for their past errors. However, he could not undertake that the German Reich would maintain the same amicable attitude in the event of another change of heart on the part of Vichy.

This last remark was obviously intended to strengthen Darlan's hand with the Pétain Cabinet, and subsequent events have proved that it did.

☆ DARLAN timorously ventured to ask whether Hitler could make a guess as to Italy's attitude on the territorial question.

Hitler stood up and walked to a wall on which were two maps of the Mediterranean theater of war. One showed the situation as it had existed when Italian reverses in North Africa and Albania had reached the low-water mark. The other showed it as it existed at the moment. With a wave of the hand Hitler observed that the maps spoke for themselves. Germany had rushed to the aid of a hard-pressed ally, putting her own interests in second place. He anticipated that Il Duce Mussolini would be open to reasonable argument.

He resumed his chair and stated that he wanted the situation plainly understood. Germany did not need the army or navy of France to aid in winning the war. Germany had been forced into the war alone and was strong enough to finish it alone, against all comers. What her Führer demanded, first and foremost, was the New Order on the Continent, which would assure peace and prosperity to all peoples of Europe for many years to come. Naturally, every country that desired to enter the New Order must contribute to the fullest extent of its ability. At the moment, the larger part of France was idle, economically and industrially. Any country which indulged in idleness, Hitler declared, was treading the road to disaster. When peace was re-established, all productivity could be devoted to peaceful development exclusively. But so long as the so-called democracies compelled the continuation of war, all productivity must be devoted to the sole aim of winning the war. This applied as much to France as to any other country desirous of membership in the New Order.

Then Darlan made the big speech of the day. The present government of France, he said, had arrived at the realization that the future of the nations lay with the continental Powers of Europe. Speaking for Marshal Pétain and others of the Cabinet and, naturally, for himself, he could say that the official hope and belief was for the restoration of France to her former greatness, and for her rightful place in this New Order. They now understood, and they expected that every Frenchman would understand eventually, that all this could be achieved only by faithful collaboration with Germany, as an equal partner. In order to accomplish this, France must be left in full possession of her territorial and economic resources, in both her European area and her colonial empire, subject only to such temporary limitations as were imposed by the need of bringing the war to a successful end.

Deprivation of these resources, Darlan said, not only would cripple French productivity but also would lead to an embitterment of the French spirit, resulting in recriminations and hate. If Germany was prepared to deal with France as had just been explained by the Führer, and if she guaranteed that Italy would deal likewise, then France would go to the limit of her ability in aiding Germany to win the war, short of outright entry into the conflict.

Hitler, with another gesture toward the wall maps, replied that if France took this attitude, he in return would guarantee the territorial integrity of France and her African possessions, with the exception of former German colonies now held by France under mandate. Significantly enough, neither Hitler nor Darlan in their entire conversation touched upon the status of Alsace and Lorraine. Evidently the return of these provinces under German sovereignty is accepted by both as an established fact.

The Führer added immediately, however, that his guaranty would extend only to territories actually in French possession. He averred that France had permitted herself to be kicked around considerably by Britain, and that if she meekly accepted further treatment on this order from her former ally, Germany certainly could not guarantee any French territory which might be lost in the process. Admittedly he, Hitler, could speak only for Germany and Italy—not for the British Empire.

Darlan observed, somewhat anxiously, that the situation to which the Führer had just referred would not have arisen had France not been stripped of practically all her defenses by the terms of the armistice.

Hitler retorted that France had not been stripped of *all* her defenses. She still had the major part of her fleet as well as her African colonial force. He added, after a pause, that if France wholeheartedly reached the understanding with Germany then

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KRAFT
A "DIFFERENT" FLAVOR MILLIONS PREFER

under discussion, she would not lack in war materials or other means to defend herself and her colonies against aggression by any outside Power.

He then rose and declaimed that, inasmuch as they had seemingly reached an agreement in principle, all details could be ironed out between French plenipotentiaries and German representatives in Paris.

The party returned to the Great Hall for refreshments. Then Darlan and his aides were driven to a Berchtesgaden hotel, where Darlan conversed with von Ribbentrop until late in the night. In the morning he called briefly at the Berghof to pay final respects to Hitler; whereupon the same Junkers transport, escorted by fighter planes, conveyed the delegation back to France.

☆ THUS one of the most shameful and cynical betrayals since the time of Judas Iscariot was arranged. The bargain was struck. The itemized inventory has since been made and the sale of a nation apparently is now complete. But before the acccomplishment of this gigantic swindle, which has set French soldiers to fighting as slaves of the Nazis against their fellow Frenchmen in Syria, a long series of devious and abortive attempts were made toward the same end, and upon these Herr Klausmann adds interesting side lights.

Hitler's peace thesis naturally is well known inside the Berghof. Essentially it is this: No peace is possible without confronting the enemy with a completely organized Europe under the New Order. Even if England is utterly crushed, there will still be the overseas dominions and the United States to reckon with. But, in face of a wholly united Continent, overseas opposition is expected to fade out and make way for an all-around settlement. Hitler's campaigns in the Balkans and elsewhere are viewed as mere steppingstones toward this final aim.

The two principal Powers without whom no united Europe is possible are France and Spain. The latter, being already largely within the Axis orbit, was tackled first. However, General Franco stated flatly that he could not identify his country with the New Order unless French adherence was first obtained. Spain's geographic position was too exposed for her to break with the two maritime Powers, Great Britain and the United States, unless covered in the rear by an allied France. Also Spain desperately needs the French granary of North Africa.

With this Spanish attitude in mind, Hitler went to his first meeting with Pétain at Montoir. He was also embarrassed by previous commitments made to Mussolini at the expense of France. Pétain was prepared to pay the price of defeat to Germany but would not consent to pay a similar price to Italy. On return to Vichy, the Marshal officially proclaimed the principle of "collaboration" but left the details in the hands of Pierre Laval.

Hitler was now confronted with the task of getting concessions from Mussolini for the benefit of France. It was for this that in October he went to his meeting with the Italian dictator at Florence. But Mussolini knew what was coming and, to anticipate the German move, ordered his Albanian army to march into Greece, without so much as notifying Berlin in advance. He then refused to abandon his claims on France and boasted that he would establish his *mare nostrum* all by himself. Laval then was faced with the task of working out a collaboration program satisfactory not only to Berlin but to Rome.

In November, Laval went to Berchtesgaden with his program. Hitler accepted it with few modifications. The treaty was to be sealed on the occasion of the interment of Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt, in the Invalides at Paris, in the presence of Hitler and Pétain. The Germans made extensive preparations, but when the date came, December 15, with it came the news that Laval had been dismissed by Pétain.

According to information only now brought to light from the depths of the Berghof, Pétain really had no cardinal disagreement with Laval. After Italy's humiliating defeats, it began to appear at Vichy that the Axis might not win after all. Pétain merely used the pretense of a personal misunderstanding with Laval to toss a monkey wrench into the whole machinery of collaboration.

The news struck Berchtesgaden like a thunderbolt. Hitler considered it a personal insult and issued drastic orders to the Nazi General Staff. It now develops, for the first time, that the week before last Christmas was far more critical than the world realized. At Besançon, Paris, Rennes, and Bordeaux, German divisions were preparing for a concentrated movement on Vichy, with a view to occupying the whole of France. In Rabat, Morocco, General Weygand conferred with representatives of the British General Staff. At the Vichy airport a plane was held in readiness to take Pétain and his staff to Algiers.

Further news of secret sensational developments inside Germany today, as received by Wythe Williams from his private sources of information, will appear in an early issue.

The peaceful solution of the crisis is credited to three men—Darlan on the French side and Otto Abetz and Field Marshal Keitel on the German. Darlan, who evidently was already imbued with the idea of becoming the ruler of France and leading partner of Hitler in the New Order, intercepted Abetz when the latter arrived at Vichy with a strong Nazi bodyguard for the purpose of presenting Hitler's ultimatum to Pétain. The admiral explained that Laval's dismissal had been engineered by personal enemies and was without political significance. He offered to arrange the surrender of Laval into the custody of Abetz. He promised to checkmate all British and American influence at Vichy, if only Hitler would give him time.

Abetz telephoned to Berchtesgaden, where Hitler was still fuming. He recommended that military measures be deferred and did not present the ultimatum to Pétain. Instead, he convinced Hitler that Darlan, if eased into power, would prove a more valuable ally than Laval ever could be.

Meanwhile Keitel had been exerting influence on Hitler. Pointing toward the miserable Italians in Libya, Keitel insisted that the Axis position there would become hopeless if Weygand's colonial forces were tossed into the British camp. The German army would then be compelled to undertake the defense of an Italy ripe for revolution.

Hitler was prevailed upon. The German troops did not march. Abetz, refusing to deal with Flandin, appointed Foreign Minister in Laval's place, told Darlan at their next meeting that Germany would mark time. Laval was installed in Paris and encouraged to direct a virulent press campaign against Vichy.

☆ AT Berchtesgaden, the Nazi hierarchy realized that the French and Spanish problems would defy solution until the military situation in the Mediterranean was re-established. Mussolini's reverses had undermined Axis prestige. It was necessary that Vichy and Madrid be confronted with German triumphs in the very areas where Italy had failed. Hitler drew the noose tighter around the neck of Pétain and treated Vichy as though it did not exist. Darlan mounted to power and managed a brief meeting with Hitler at Beauvais in March. It availed him little. Hitler coolly informed him that no business would be talked with Vichy until Pétain came forward with a definite proposition.

Came April, and with it the German victories in Libya, Yugoslavia, and Greece. The invincibility of German arms was again upheld. The Mediterranean situation turned critical for Britain. At Vichy the political pendulum took a decided swing to the German side. Vice-Premier Admiral Darlan went to Paris, where he officially notified Otto Abetz that he had a definite proposition to place before Hitler.

And so the bargain was made which has placed France where she is today. Those ancient enemies, France and Germany, are now apparently hand in glove, officially at least, and seeing eye to eye against the world's remaining democracies, Great Britain and the United States.

But events nowadays move at lightning pace. A not-far-distant chapter in the history of this war may well portray this *official* set-up as torn to bits by a new France—when the people again find their voice.

THE END

THE SONG IS YOU — Continued from Page 13

was pleased. Then Turner said something about Joe Brennan being here, and spoke about the show that had opened the night before, and how he thought it would be nice if Joe Brennan would come up and play something for them, maybe something from Summer Rose.

Joey went up. He never really minded. He liked to play a piano, and if it pleased people to listen to him, every one was having a good time.

He went up now, and what had happened inside of him was still going on; the girl's voice was still in his ears and his fingers were just a little itchy. What had happened in his head at first had been jumbled and confused, but it was straightening out now, and he didn't look at the girl again, though she was still standing beside Turner, probably waiting for the next number. Joey just sat down at the piano and winked at the man who got up for him.

It took him a minute or two, but then he had the body of it. He played it slowly at first, glorying in the response the piano gave him. It came to him easily and he was very surprised. It had a soft breeze running through it, and starlight, and somehow the scent of a late spring night. His fingers were deft and loving on the keys, and he could feel them running through a woman's hair that was brushed back over her ears, and he could feel a woman's hands upon his mouth, so he played of these things softly, and the breeze was gentle and the woman loving, and through it all was the strange influence of this thing that by now was loosening in his chest.

He played it through slowly at first, then the way he would always play it, the complex simplicity of the melody running through the bass, the tender chords of the treble pouring into the room and lingering there.

When he was through, it was deeply printed on his mind and he grinned without seeing any one, because he was very happy. And then he heard the girl beside him, at his shoulder:

"That was lovely. What was it? I've never heard it before."

He looked at her then, and he saw that what he had surmised about her eyes was true. He said, "Neither have I. I've never heard it before, but I've never seen you before. The song is you."

And just as he said it, he felt a little tense and frightened, but then he grinned, for he needn't have been afraid. Those eyes were very direct and very honest, and the lovely voice said simply, "Thank you. Thank you very much."

He was aware of the terrific noise in the place now, and he stood up and waved one big hand, as Ted Turner grabbed him by the arm and said excitedly, "Look, Joey! I want an arrangement. I want it tomorrow. You've written good stuff, but that thing— Look. I want an—"

Joey shook his head. "Nothing doing, kid. I'm sorry, but I'm the only guy who'll ever play that. Maybe Tommy, too. Maybe some one will sing it some day. One person. But that's all. I'm sorry, kid."

The girl was down from the platform, and he walked beside her and said, "I'm sitting over here with a pal. Will you come and have a drink?"

He liked the way she smiled. He loved the way she said, "I would like to very much."

It went like that. It couldn't possibly be true, Joey knew, but it all happened. They were married in two weeks, and Tommy Oates was immensely proud and very worried as best man, and Joey knew that Sally was easily the most beautiful thing that had ever happened. Her suit was simple and her hat was quite the nicest hat he had ever seen, and there was a radiance in her eyes that caused his throat to contract and inspired within him resolutions so fiercely tender that they frightened him.

It was a quiet wedding. She had wanted it this way. It was at the big house off Park Avenue where Joey had met her mother and father a week before. He had been very conscious of their militant but polite disapproval. They had given him a great deal of ice and there had been an attempt to laugh the whole thing off, but Sally was smilingly determined and had finally impressed upon them the fact that everybody was serious and that there would be a wedding very shortly. Joey had just stood there, grinning away his discomfort until one of the remarks had been too pointed. It had to do, quietly but insistently, with background and family, and his grin had disappeared.

He had talked quietly for five minutes, and when he had finished, the Sears family had learned that, although his father had been a dockworker and his mother had died quite young, probably from overwork, the Brennans had once been kings of Ireland and their pride had lived down through the centuries. His mother had been an O'Donnell, and the O'Donnells had once been kings of Ireland, and he doubted very much if the Sears had ever been sovereigns of any land, and let us all stop this talk of family, for there was nothing to be gained, and perhaps quite a bit to be lost, in talking to a Brennan on the point.

And he had picked up his hat and coat and had bowed in a manner he had never used before but which had come to him probably with his black curly hair and his blue eyes, that were now very cold, and he had left. When he walked down the front steps of the house, Sally was suddenly beside him, pulling on a coat, and there was a flashing pride in her eyes which he had never had occasion to see there before this.

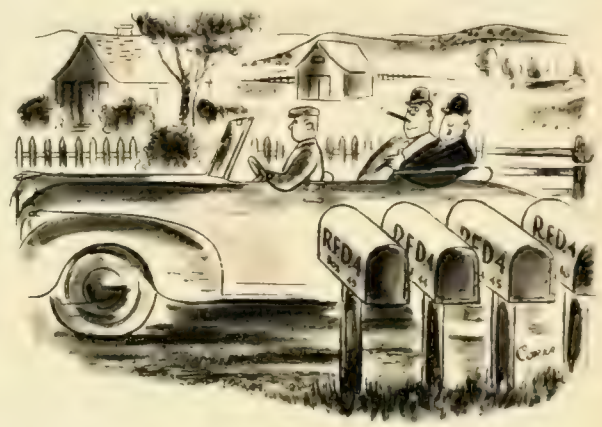
So they were married, and Tommy was very big and very handsome, and the maid of honor was a very close friend of Sally, and she too was very beautiful. After the ceremony there was an enormous reception, for all the quietness of the wedding, and halfway through it Tommy came to Joey, glowing in his praise of the lovely attendant Sally had enlisted.

"What a babe!" he said to Joey, and it had seldom been said by him before. "The way she drinks! I'm no slob myself but I have a time keeping up with that job. And what legs!"

And Joey had time, in his inexpressible happiness, to be happy for Tommy, too. It was a lovely party, and Mr. Samuel Sears and Mrs. Samuel Sears were just the least bit subdued, for Joey was the most handsome bridegroom they'd seen in years, and at least fourteen million people crowded the cabin on the boat just before Tommy and Sally sailed.

There was a month together then. A month of talking about all the things they had had no time to discuss. Joey learned of Miss Waithewright's school, and of Vassar, and of a thing he had not really known until now, that Sally was twenty-five years old, which was very close to his own twenty-eight. He told her of things she had guessed: of a childhood in a tenement, and two brothers, and of a mother who had died early and of a father, unknowingly sensitive in all his hugeness, who had died shortly after, and of the two younger children who had not been able to survive on the meager attentions that had been bestowed upon them.

He told her of several years in an orphanage, but he was a big strong lad and was soon able to fend for himself: and there had been this, and there



"Pity these hick Democrats can't get his initials straight."

had been that, always with the music running through his head and anxiously urging his fingers. There had been a piano at the Home, and there had been one in any of a thousand beer joints, the keys scarred and burned, and there had been some small bit of casual instruction by a bored drunk—but always there had been that force within himself, as compelling as a fresh tide, goading him to play and play.

She smiled, listening, for it was plain and clear to her, and she loved the picture that he drew. She asked him, "And how about Tommy?"

"He's my chauffeur."

"I know that," she said. She had been riding around in the big limousine those two weeks before their marriage, and wherever they stopped, Tommy always came in and sat at the table with them. She loved the way he belched, in a very restrained manner. She said, "I think Tommy ought to see a doctor. There might be something wrong with his stomach."

Joey nodded. "He whacked up a truck. The wheel busted and dug into him. He has trouble after dinner."

"But you don't hire a chauffeur just because he's a wonderful person," she said. "Tommy doesn't look the least bit like a chauffeur."

He grinned his big wide grin. "The last real job I had was driving a truck for a contracting outfit. Tommy was on the same job. He's the only guy who ever licked me. I figured he was a good gent to have around. He plays a harmonica better than any one I ever heard, outside of Larry Adler, and that's nice, too. The guy is a one-man band and a one-man riot. He's worth a hundred bucks a week, and I have it to spare. He lives with me and we get along fine. He's punch-drunk about that automobile. He'd take it to bed with him if he could."

☆ HE told her of the house he had bought in Vermont. Four lovely rooms and fifty acres of wonderful land along the base of a pretty ridge of hills. There was a small house for the couple who took care of things, and cattle browsed in his grass and were sheltered in his barn. He wanted to live there and do his work there, and he told her she would love it when they went there very soon.

She frowned at him and said, "It sounds expensive. You spend a lot of money, Mr. Brennan."

He grinned. "I've got the golden touch. I've been producing my own shows for the last three years and people seem to like music."

"Your music," she told him. "There's a difference."

They came back to the huge apartment overlooking the river, and Joey said, "Where we going to live?"

She smiled at him and said, "You used to swim in that river. Aside from the fact that this is a lovely place, that's one good reason why we'll stay here."

They did. Tommy moved to the floor below, where Joey had taken a small apartment for him. Joey said, "You don't mind, pal? You know how things are."

Tommy said, "Forget it. I'll knock on the ceilin' if you make too much noise. Anyway, if you have a party, I'll be makin' the noise."

The apartment was large. There were nine rooms, and any of them could have been used for a basketball court. There was a maid now, instead of the person who used to come and clean every day, but Joey hardly saw her. He was too busy looking at Sally.

He wrote music. He wrote music that was more beautiful than any he had ever known he could write. Sally sang along and contributed to the lyrics, and when it was finished, Tommy came up with his harmonica and Joey exhorted the piano and bled it dry. Sally sang and Tommy belched a bit and played his tiny instrument beautifully and they had a wonderful time. Another Brennan show opened and drew praise from the critics. Nights when they went out, every one smiled at them, and frequently Joey was called up to the piano, where Sally stood beside him and sang their latest in her soft lovely voice, and the world was a wonderful place to live in.

☆ THEY found a little place on the East Side where they were served delicious Armenian food by a stout smiling man and his stout smiling wife. There was a piano in a corner, and Joey played often here, and sometimes, when there was no one about but the owner and his wife, Sally sang at his shoulder, and the room took on a deep and hidden beauty which it had never owned.

They came to Pete's when they were very tired, or when they were very happy, and sometimes Tommy came along and ate enormously, to the inexpressible delight of Mrs. Pete. When he had his bubble up and had daintily picked his teeth, he would take his harmonica from his pocket and with Joey fill the place with wonderful music. One day Sally met them there and unwrapped a clarinet, to their delight. She labored enthusiastically, if not too well, and there were no times like these.

Then Joey met Howard Bristol. He had seen him about for some time, but Sally introduced them, and from this source and from that, now that he knew the guy, Joey discovered a few facts. Howard Bristol had formerly held Sally lightly on his arm at most of the dancing spots, at the Horse Show, at Newport, and at Aiken in the season. There had been a strong understanding—not between Sally and Howard Bristol but between the families and people who knew them both.

When Joey met Bristol, Bristol was slightly drunk and very tall and broad in his evening clothes and just the least bit insolent. Joey let it slide. He had seen the big guy around and knew that Bristol had quite a reputation as a night-club fighter, and he didn't want any fuss. In five minutes with Bristol he took more verbal abuse than he had taken in five years on the truck, and he could feel Tommy Oates looking at him in amazement.

Bristol was smooth. He represented a great many of the things that were of Sally's world, and Joey made a sudden and determined attempt to understand them, but he found it difficult.

He became aware, as he never had before, of a certain roughness in his speech. His accent was not the accent of Sally and her friends, and while between the two of them it didn't seem to matter, it protruded like a great sore thumb when they were in a group. It annoyed him at first. He said to Sally, "How come you understand just what I say? I don't talk like that Bristol gent."

She didn't get it for a moment, and when she did, she poked him with a lovely fist. "Did you ever hear him play the piano?" She looked at him, and he was very proud of what her eyes contained. She said, "When I can't understand you, Mr. Brennan, I'll have you write it for me on a pad. We'll get along."

They went up to the place in Vermont one day in early spring, and Sally was impressed. She loved the house and the cows, and she charmed the slightly hostile couple they employed.

It was a week-end to remember. A week-end of hours before the big fireplace and a great deal of music on the big piano and of many things that were not said because there were no words that spoke of love like theirs.

And when they had to go back to the city, Joey said, "I want to live here soon." He waved a big arm. "I like the place, the country and the hills."

"A city guy like you?" she teased him. "The lack of noise would drive you mad. You're built for night clubs and for bands and a long line of good legs kicking to your music."

"I'm a bogtrotter at heart," he told her. "It's here I want to live."

☆ HE wrote I'm Sweet on Some One and Girl in a Little Blue Hat, and Sally told him he should give her milliner part of the royalties. They went to the ball games, and once when they were there, going to their seats, they ran right into Willy Hafey. Willy was selling beer and bottled pop, and Joey said, "How's the kid?" and Willy stopped.

He said, "Joey Brennan, I'll be damned!" and wiped his large and very wet hand on his apron before he took the dainty one of Sally and almost tore her arm from her shoulder. "The missis, eh? You ain't doin' bad, Brennan." They drank two bottles of his ice-cold beer and Willy loudly shouted down an effort made to pay him.

There were dinners in the rooms above the river. Mostly Sally's dinners, attended by her friends. Joey was handsome and uncomfortable as the talk drifted around and above and below him but never quite embraced him in its sweep. It was talk, mainly, of people and places he did not know, and "Isn't that a mean fence just

where you cross the brook?" They spoke of horses and of dogs, and Joey liked both breeds of beasts but did not know them with the concentrated knowledge of these folk.

The only time he was happy with these people was at the opera, when the curtain rose ponderously and there was lovely music for his ears. All about him he could see the bored and nodding heads and hear the stifled yawns, and he knew that for most of these people the show was in the lobby and the bar.

There were many things. One day at lunch with Sally they met some people that she knew. There was some small talk, and after introductions and some drinks, one of the men indicated Joey's tie, which was a pretty combination of some stripes. The fellow said, "I see you're from the old school, Brennan."

Joey didn't have the least idea of what he meant, but it was worth a gag and he gave. With a grin, he replied, "Yeah, the old school—P. S. 22," and there was a moment of uncomfortable silence before some one laughed a bit off key.

There were little things. Headwaiters in all the better restaurants smiled and bowed to Sally, whom they had known for years, but Joey detected the annoyance they felt with him. He said to Sally one day, "What's wrong with me, kid? Have I got horns I don't know about? These guys look at me as if I came in to sweep up the joint."

She smiled the way that made him forget everything else in the world and told him, "They're all right, honey. Wait until they get to know you."

"And what am I supposed to do about eating for the next twenty years?" he mumbled.

☆ THERE were things which really shouldn't have annoyed him, as the night they were going to some charity ball or other, and he came into the living room feeling very well dressed in a double-breasted dinner jacket, and Sally said to him, "White tie, Brennan, you lug." She was smiling, but when he went back to change, he swore softly and steadily for five minutes.

He never said anything to Sally, but the more people they met, friends of hers, the more he felt as though he had been landed on a foreign shore and didn't know the language.

They got around. They went to all the places he had known alone, but Sally's friends were numbered in the millions, it seemed to him, and while to his ears their speech sounded slightly adenoidal, he knew his East Side accent grated on them.

He had a thing to write, a bunch of music larger than himself and slightly frightening, and it was growing in him all the time. He could see it fairly well, an opera of a kind, with kids on teeming streets and the rumble of a subway underneath it all. He knew he needed lots of time and perhaps more ability than he possessed, but it was a thing that must be done, and he thought longingly of Vermont.

He waited for Sally to give the cue, for he felt that such a thing was only right. If she was to become for quite some time companion to a group of disinterested cows, the thing should be her idea and not his own. She had given him so much already, he had no right to ask this favor of her.

They encountered Bristol frequently, and he seemed always to be slightly amused, so that Joey had to exercise great restraint to keep from punching him in the head.

One evening they met outside a show at intermission, and Bristol spoke

"The Army and Navy are busy. What's the Marines' phone number?"

to Sally of some wedding that would take place soon, two friends of theirs Joey'd never heard of. He was silent and Bristol seemed to recall his presence in a moment with a snap of his fingers. He said, "But you wouldn't know anything about that, would you, Brennan?" And the amusement was heavy in his voice and evident in the smile on his face.

Joey said, "I never met them, Bristol, but I get just what you mean. Maybe a punch in the mouth wouldn't seem so funny to you." He was sorry he said it the moment it passed his lips, and he didn't look at Sally but walked to the curb and threw away a cigarette. He stayed long enough to let Bristol leave, and when he turned again, Sally was alone.

She said, "Not altogether amusing," and they went inside. They didn't talk about the thing again.

They didn't go to Vermont, but they went to Aiken two days later, and when they had arrived Sally said, "I'm pretty stupid, hon. I forgot to ask. Can you ride a horse?"

Joey shrugged. "Maybe. I don't know. I never tried."

And he couldn't. They gave him something very old and gentle that hadn't traveled faster than a walk in years, and he was very much aware of the ignominy of his position and of the sorry picture he presented. He ambled about for two days and lost a great deal of skin and most of his patience. Finally he said, "Nuts to this. I'm going back to town."

And Sally grinned and said, "The farmer. The man of the earth. What about that place in Vermont?" There was something in her eyes he couldn't quite define.

"Vermont is very different," he said. "You never see people riding around on cows. Besides, I'd rather walk."

They went back to town, and Sally called her family on the phone to say hello, but more than that was said. He looked up from a book and saw she was disturbed. He asked, "Anything the matter?"

She shook her head and said a bit stiffly, "Mother heard about your little talk with Howard the other night."

☆ HE walked to a window. This was the thing he didn't like, that had been gnawing at the base of what they shared. It had been making progress, he knew. There were moments here and there when things were not the same, when he was aware of a lack of understanding between them. He turned and said quietly:

"So all right. I'm a mug. I can't talk to your friends and I can't ride a horse. Your family thinks I eat small children, and in a general social sense I'm only good for laughs. Maybe you're getting a little tired of the whole thing."

His pride and his discomfort had spoken for him, and they were answered by her own. "I would get very tired of much more talk like that. There's no law saying you must like my friends."

"I think that most of them are phonies." It came out fast.

"I've only met a few of yours," she told him quickly. "A fellow selling soda at a ball game. A driver shouting to us from a truck. A drunk who whistles very well." She'd picked the spectacular ones, all right. And ones he particularly liked.

He didn't want any more of it. He turned away and said, "You'd better get dressed. We're supposed to meet your mother and father at the Stork."

"They send regrets," she said. "They won't be there."

"Well, we will," Joey said. "I think we need a drink."

Tommy Oates was waiting for them with the car, and he looked at Joey quickly, then he asked, "What makes, boss? You lose your apple?"

Joey said, "Yeah. We're going to the Stork," and slammed the door. He could hear Tommy swear briefly, but it didn't seem to matter. He hunched into a corner of the seat and didn't look at Sally.

They went to the Stork and to several other places, and Joey drank quite more than was his usual share. Tommy made one brief attempt to open up the conversation but laid a large, unwieldy egg, then walked out quickly to the bar.

They sat and didn't talk of much, and Joey knew somehow that this would be the end. He'd had enough, and Sally too, and this would be their final evening out. Their love was strong but was not proof against the many problems that arose. There's too much time and space and difference of idea between a penthouse high on the river and the tenements that crowd the shore far down below. You cannot mate a peacock and a parrot, and those who try commit a very grave mistake.

He knew these things and took no pleasure in the knowledge.

He said to Sally in a quiet voice, "We've had a pretty nice time. But now it's fallen almost to pieces. Let's leave it before it gets any worse. Let's not make it any tougher than it has to be."

He looked at her then, and there were alarm and worry in her eyes, for what they'd shared was difficult to lose and could hardly be replaced. There was pride alive within her eyes too, and she nodded and told him, "You've got an idea. I see exactly what you mean. I didn't think you'd tire quite so quickly."

He accepted that. If it was something she preferred to think, then let it be that way. If it bolstered her to believe their failure had not been a mutual affair, compounded of various unmanageable elements, then let it go. It didn't matter, really.

He said, "We might as well get going." He went to move her chair and heard a voice and then looked up.

☆ IT was Bristol, very tall and handsome and just the least bit drunk. He said, "And where's the other party? I mean the inevitable third. The social chauffeur who is a friend of the groom?"

"He's gone," Joey said. "Why?"

Bristol shrugged. "Only that I think it's nice to have Sally practically to myself." He turned away from Joey and said, "You're looking very lovely this evening, Sally girl."

Joey turned him by the shoulder and said, "Look, punk—"

But that was as far as he was able to go. Bristol turned quickly and threw a fast right hand, and Joey landed on his pants. He heard the big man say, "A thing I've wanted to do. Don't know why I've waited all these months."

Joey got right up. He said, "There's an alley just outside, my chum. This isn't your usual one-punch affair. Let us go together."

Bristol was a bit perplexed, and Joey reasoned why. Some one usually stepped in at this point and hostilities were at an end, the flag of glory waving high. But he walked with Joey and said over his shoulder, "I'll be right back, my dear."

Joey told his wife, "You'll get very tired waiting for him." Her face was drawn and pale.

They were not alone when they reached the alley. Bristol had some friends, and there were several curious, bloodthirsty souls who had overheard the conversation. But it didn't matter. The alley had sufficient light and room, and Joey slipped from his coat and placed it on a wooden box. Bristol was waiting for him.

It was not a very long affair. Bristol was big, but Joey had been fighting ever since he learned to walk, and he did a fast efficient job. Bristol got up twice, but not the third time, and his face was quite a mess. He lay against a wall, and Joey said to a man he knew was a friend of Bristol, "You'd better get him home. He needs some rest."

Two or three stepped forward, and one of them said, "You're not so tough, my friend. We've got a thing or two to say to you."

Joey stepped to meet them, and there was a voice at his side. It was big Tommy. He addressed the three, "You bums can get the hell along. The guy is not alone. Between us we will eat you."

There was a moment's silence and they looked at Bristol and seemed to appreciate the idea. There was a muttered word or two, then they hoisted the prostrate gentleman into a cab and took themselves away.

Tommy said, "Why don't you let me know about these things? A combination Cole Porter and Eddy Duchin has got to save his hands. I am the guy for work like this."

"That was no one's job but mine," Joey told him.

They went back into the club and Sally was not there.

"Another offense against the social scheme," Joey said, more to himself than to Tommy. "Brawling with a childhood friend. Wait until mammy and pappy hear of this."

☆ HE and Tommy had more drinks, and his mind was all made up. He finally said, "Let's get on home," and they left the place behind. Tommy dropped him off and went to put the car away and Joey said good night.

He didn't look in Sally's room, for he knew she was not there. He changed his clothes and packed a pair of bags, then left a note for Sally with two checks, an enormous one for her, a smaller one for Tommy. He told her he would see her in a while and to do whatever she thought best; that Tommy would find a truck within a week; to take good care of herself.

He went down to the street and found a cab and an early edition of a paper. At six o'clock, as dawn was breaking over the bay, he was on a freighter headed for the Gulf.

The trip wasted two bitter, plodding weeks, and liquor helped to kill the clock and dull the sharp insistent pain. They finally got to Galveston and from there he took a plane and went to see some people whom he knew out on the Coast. In a month he was back East, in the city, and when he'd alighted from the train, he had some drinks and wondered what to do.

He got a cab and went to Pete's, and he was puzzled now at the tiny voice within his head that insisted he be hurt afresh in a room whose walls could scarce contain the memories it held for him.

He was just the least bit drunk by now, a trifle insulated, a state he'd come to know quite well. The arrows shot from the bow of a powerful past did not penetrate so deeply when he kept himself a little cloudy.

Pete was very glad to see him. "Mist' Bren'! Mist' Bren'!" Mrs. Pete came running from the kitchen and waved her arms and beamed, and Joey saw the place was empty except for himself. He asked Pete for a drink and then sat down, and the atmosphere was laden with the thing he wouldn't let himself forget. It hit him strongly, as he had known it would, and he hoped that here he could drain the bitter dregs of his loneliness and go upon the street as empty of emotion as a drum.

He drank slowly, savoring the things that came to him with the taste of the liquor, that came to him in every

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 42

1—She is the daughter of the late Elsie, famous Borden cow. The liquid was milk.

2—The Republic of Haiti and the Dominican Republic.

3—Because in olden days the mining engineers who came there spent much time "underground, like the badgers." Few real badgers are found in the state.

4—Yes—as a distress signal.

5—TNT.

6—He is entitled to use the Library of Congress and to receive the Congressional Record.

7—A summer stock-company theater.

8—An invisible light beam. If the vaulter failed to clear, the light beam was broken and so recorded the failure.

9—Approximately 65,650,000.

10—It is a gun with Y-shaped arms, used to fire double discharges of depth bombs.

11—Probably not; seldom have edible oysters yielded pearls of any value.

12—The St. Louis Browns.

13—This is the name given to studies of languages, poetry, the classics, as opposed to geometry, biology, and other exact sciences.

14—A gallon in England is about 10 per cent more than a gallon in the United States.

15—It is a government business envelope which states that there is a penalty for private use of the same without postage.

16—It refers to the ancient British city of Halifax, which won itself a reputation because of its strict laws and severe punishment.

17—No. He conceived the song in Paris, where he was homesick for his childhood home in America.

18—He made predictions, including many things about the French Revolution which came true. Now people are studying his writings to see if they can find predictions about the present war.

19—"Filibuster," which formerly meant a military freebooter, or a privateer. It now is used to describe any act tending to obstruct the working or making of laws, such as long speeches in Congress.

20—Big Ben, which was cast while he was in office.

strongly familiar odor of the place, that penetrated more deeply than he had supposed possible. He drank slowly, trying to effect a purge by means of a surfeit, but he found that this was not the answer and knew himself for a fool for ever having thought that it might be.

The piano in the corner drew him like a magnet, and he sat on the wobbly bench and his fingers found the keys almost without conscious effort. There was only one thing he could play, here and now, and he played it softly, gently, holding the essence of it to him tenderly.

It was the song he had played the

"Gee, it was nice of you to give me this lift, Hardtack!"

first time he had seen Sally. There was a maturity in his treatment of it now that hadn't been there before. It meant something different to him than it had before, and his fingers expressed that difference.

He was playing it through a second time when he heard the voice at his shoulder. He thought at first it was something in his head, for queer things had been happening to him lately. He was quite sure that in a moment the voice would fade, as it had faded more than once in this past month.

But it didn't. The words continued, smoothly and softly, the words they had written lovingly together, and the voice was real for all its tenderness. But he didn't look around until he felt the hand on his shoulder, and then he was strangely afraid to look.

But it was Sally. She was just a bit more beautiful than she had always been, and the tears were large and lovely on her cheeks and in her eyes. He played it to the end, and somehow, then, she was in his arms, sobbing softly. He had never felt so fine.

The questions then were hers for a time, until he had his chance. He told her of the way the thing had worked, the lack of many graces in himself.

She wasn't sobbing now. There was a gracious anger in her eyes and she said, "Did I ever complain? You had no words from me. You were the Broadway boy with night clubs in your blood and a brass band in your hair. I couldn't take you away from that. It had been your whole life."

"Until we happened," he told her. "Even before that I had a farm. That fine place in Vermont."

She sniffed at him in a very lovely way. "You took me there once. It was gorgeous. We never did go back."

He really was surprised, but it was coming to him now. "No Ritz for lunch? No Colony? You like to eat with cows?" He was beginning to see the nonexistent wall that had grown between them.

She said, "I love cows. If I had my chance again, I'd have them name me Elsie. We could live there. You could really write some music."

He was just a little dubious. "And how's about your friends—the ones I never liked?"

"Those are the ones I never liked." She smiled. "You are a pretty stupid guy."

"And Mr. Bristol?"

"I can't imagine why you took so long to hit him. I was waiting for it for months."

"When I did, you left in quite a hurry."

She frowned. "I really was afraid. He knocked you down, and he looked so awfully big. I didn't want to be there when they carried you back in."

He grinned for the first time in a month, and it was fine to say, "So it'll be Vermont, after I get my head examined."

She looked at him. "It'll be a fine place to work. And I think it'll be a fine place to raise a family."

He didn't get it for a moment, then he hit the bass a crashing joyous chord. "Well, think of that!"

"I have been," Sally told him, "for quite a little while."

He had to kiss her then, and when he'd finished for a time, he asked, "And what happened to Tommy? Did he get a truck?"

"He's right outside," she said. "He's been driving me each day." She called to Mrs. Pete and told her to send the big oaf in. She turned to Joey and said:

"The Petes are mighty fine people. My very personal spies. They called me the moment you came in, as they'd been told to do."

Tommy came in then, and his grin put pressure on his ears. He said, "It's nice to see you home, my friend. Are you an awful dope!"

Joey nodded his agreement, and Sally was fumbling behind the piano. She emerged with the clarinet. She said:

"Give us something special, Mr. Brennan. It's been a long, long time."

He was almost bouncing on the bench. His heart was knocking stitches out of a good tweed suit but the world was a lovely place.

"You have an idea there, friend. You have an idea and a title."

Tommy told him, "Give it to us, boss. We been a long time without no music."

THE END

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THE LAST WORD: *Robert Low, Prisoner of War*

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FULTON OURSLER

AT LAST WE HAVE definite word of what happened to Liberty's famous war correspondent, Robert Low. He left Cairo for the fighting front in Syria and then for two weeks no word came from him at all. Dispatches appeared in newspapers, rumors that he had been seen here or there, but the first authentic word came to me in a telegram from Secretary of State Cordell Hull. Word had been received from the American consul at Beirut that Robert Low was captured by the French forces fighting near Damascus. He was taken back to Beirut, where the French officials decided to expel him to Turkey.

According to the New York Times, Low and Kenneth Downs, correspondent of the International News Service, were on their way to Damascus in the belief that the French had retreated. They were traveling in Ford trucks with thirteen British soldiers. But the French were waiting in Ambush, and in the shooting that followed nine of the group were killed, three wounded, and three including Low and Downs, were taken prisoner.

At this writing we are making every effort to get in touch with Low, and soon we hope to be able to get from him the story of his capture as a prisoner of war. We are grateful that he was captured rather than having been shot down. You may recall that only a few weeks ago I said here that Robert Low would always be found where the guns were going off. That's where the French found him—right in the line of his duty. Kenneth Collings, another war correspondent of Liberty, went down in the Battle of the Atlantic, and now Bob Low has been taken prisoner. Liberty's reporters, who are *your* reporters, get to the scene of action without thought of personal danger. They will continue to do so and Liberty will continue to publish authentic firsthand descriptions of what is going on in this war-crazed world.

IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME since George M. Cohan, in The Tavern, immortalized a good earthy American phrase: "What's all the shooting for?" The old play is gone but the question is still with us; it is being asked every day by American men and women. What are the war aims of England? What would a victorious British peace be like? No one has ever given anything remotely like a specific answer to that question. Mr. Anthony Eden, to whom the thankless task was assigned of trying to meet the demand, spoke in vaporous phrases that were, so far as specific information was concerned, almost unintelligible. Indeed, Mr. Eden sounded not unlike a prudish housewife trying to explain the so-called "facts of life" to an inquisitive youngster—and bogging down in birds, bees, and apple blossoms.

But, if you promise not to quote them, men connected with various governments will talk with great candor about sensible war aims. In Liberty next week you will find a remarkably interesting synthesis of these off-record confidences, put together with shrewdness and skill by Walter Karig. I recommend Mr. Karig's article heartily, and with it I would also like to mention the following from a bumper crop of stories and articles: What Vitamin B Can Do for You, by Myron Weiss; more about Lindbergh and Senator Wheeler, by Frederick L. Collins; I Hate the Dodgers, by Ted Shane; another Girl Meets Girl, by Bubbles Schinasi; installments of Murder with Southern Hospitality, by Leslie Ford, and Footsteps Behind Her, by Mitchell Wilson; two fine short stories—You're at My Fingertips, by Roy Hilligoss; and Bertie Finds a 'Ome, by Laura K. Burbridge; and all your favorite features and departments.

SALMAGUNDI: We-Told-You-So Department: "Louis will win by a knockout," wrote Jack Dempsey in June 14 Liberty. . . . What town, lake, or river in the United States has the longest name? Mrs. Joseph Drew, 4655 Santa Monica Avenue, Ocean Beach, San Diego, California, nominates Lake Chaubunagungamungmanchaugagaug. She also offers as contender for second place Lake Mooselaukemagunticook in Maine. I am grateful to Mrs. Drew, who is eighty-two years old, the last of her family, for the blessing with which she closed her letter: "I trust your years of service will be many, strength to an untiring degree, a daily dispensation, and no more clouds in your life than are necessary for a beautiful evening." . . . Human Doubles: Edwin F. Wilson, director of media for the McCann-Erickson Advertising Agency, and United States Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg. . . . Burton Rascoe, in a letter, speaks flatteringly of these "exciting back-page columns," and adds: "Just realized you are not a columnist but a page-ist or a columnsist!" . . . Most professions, arts, crafts, and varieties of business have their own hazing pranks, confounding beginners with ridicule. The tyro in the theater is sent on a long and arduous search for the "key to the curtain." The cub reporter is sent from composing room to pressroom on a frantic hunt for an urgently needed "paper stretcher." Probably the newest of these hazing tricks greets the trusting new stewardess on an air liner: "Please look on the shelf, Miss Newcomer, and get me a can of prop wash!" Prop wash is flying slang for the displacement of air by propellers—but how would a new stewardess know that? Anybody know any other professional hazing gags? . . .

☆ *THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.* FULTON OURSLER.

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. . .

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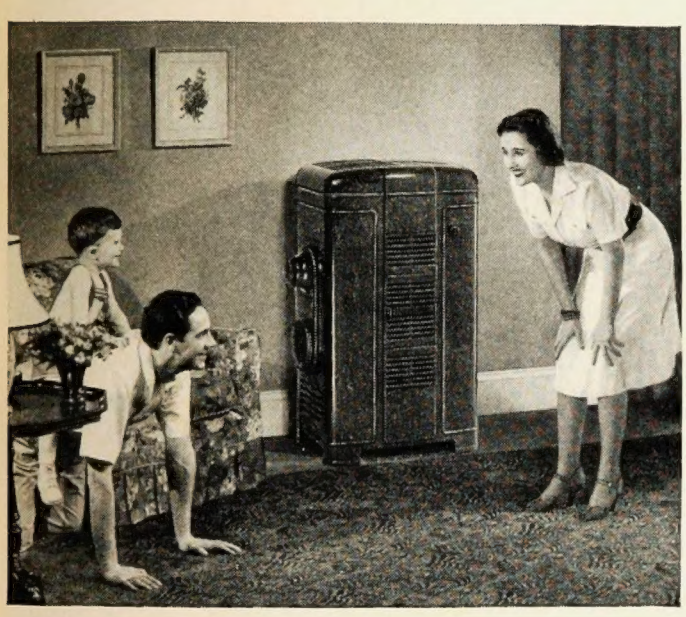

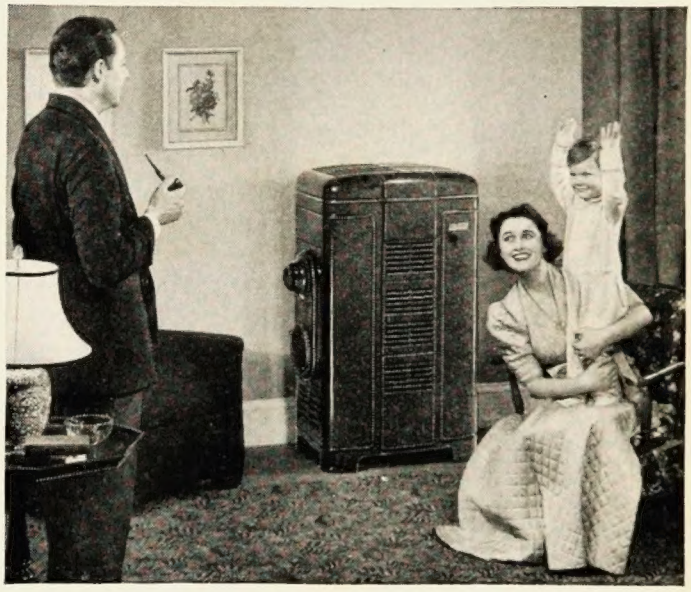

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THE PICNIC

An Old American Institution

REMEMBER those enchanting wayside picnics, in the good old summertime, long ago... Remember how thrilling it was to smell the clover fields, and to hear bobwhite's lilting whistle, as you cycled or surried out to some favorite brookside, or shady grove?

★ IF A LAD, you dashed straight off for the swimming hole . . . while the girls sought wood violets and lady's-slippers along the creek bottoms . . . and the pup, yelping gleefully, chased a rabbit into the woods or cornered a woodchuck.

★ MEANWHILE the men would fetch the baskets, build a fire, spread robes round the red-and-white checkered tablecloth, and grumble good-naturedly about "this fool notion of eatin' on the ground".

★ AND then at long last the eats would be ready—*and how you'd be ready for the eats!* In June, there might be a tasty catch of fish, flipped, as it were, from brook to pan and fried in butter. Come August there'd be luscious ears of roast sweet corn, juicy wedges of chilled watermelon and heaping pie tins of plump fried chicken—so tender that when you set your teeth to a drumstick, the meat parted company with the bone!

★ AROUND this feast you sprawled, tucking your feet under you as best you could, while somebody ladled from a gallon crock cool lemonade with thick slices of lemon floating on top. Joey's wasp sting had to be treated, too, of course, with grandma's baking soda, but his howling soon ceased when he spied that marvelous spread of pickles, jellies, olives, preserves, sandwiches, oven-baked beans—*and* the blanket-covered ice-cream freezer under the elm tree!

★ THEN as the young moon rose across the water, and the fireflies began to glow, you rode homeward in the gloaming, singing old songs and very much content with the whole world.

★ WAY BACK in the gay 90's, H. J. Heinz Company was an old and beloved American institution, and many a picnic of that far-off time was made more tempting by the addition of delicacies selected from the 57 Varieties.

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